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B 81.

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BY

ROBERT FINCH, M. A.

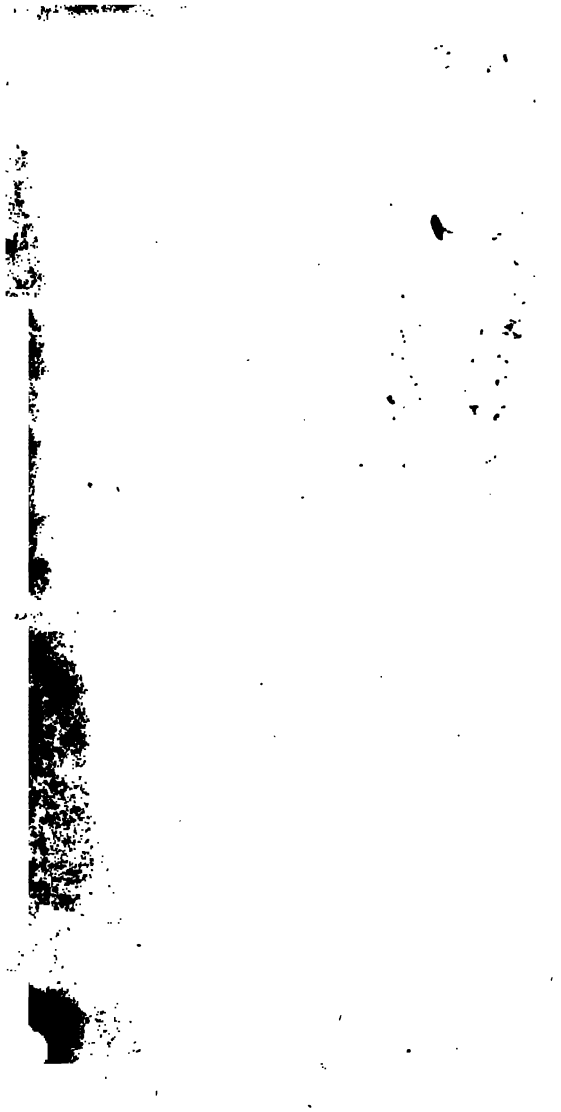
OF BALLIOL COLLEGE.

67



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GEORGE R.

GEORGE, by the Grace of GOD, King of *Great France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. to whom theſe Preſents ſhall come, Greeting. W Our Truſty and Well beloved BERNARD LINTOT of o of *London*, Bookſeller, has humbly repreſented unto W he is now printing a Tranſlation of the ILIAD of HOME the *Greek*, in Six Volumes in Folio, by ALEXANDER POP with large Notes upon each Book: And whereas the ſai NARD LINTOT has informed Us that he has been at a g pence in carrying on the ſaid Work: and that the ſole Ri Title of the Copy of the ſaid Work is veſted in the ſaid BE LINTOT: He has therefore humbly beſought Us to gr our Royal Privilege and Licence for the ſole Printing and ing thereof for the Term of fourteen Years. WE being g pleaſed to encourage ſo uſeful a Work, are pleaſed to co to his Requeſt; and do therefore give and grant unto BERNARD LINTOT our Royal Licence and Privilege for printing and publiſhing the ſaid Six Volumes of the I HOMER, tranſlated by the ſaid ALEXANDER POPE, for an the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Da Date hereof, ſtrictly charging and prohibiting all Our Subje in Our Kingdoms and Dominions to reprint or abridge t either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes wha or to import, buy, vend, utter, or diſtribute any Copies of t or any part thereof reprinted beyond the Seas, within Term of fourteen Years, without the Conſent and Approb the ſaid BERNARD LINTOT, his Heirs, Executors and Ly Writing under his or their Hands and Seals firſt had rained, as they and every of them offending herein will the contrary at their Perils, and ſuch other Penalties as Laws and Statutes of this Our Realm may be inflicted: the Maſter, Wardens and Company of Stationers of Our *London*, Commiſſioners and other Officers of Our Cuſtoms other Our Officers and Miniſters whom it may concern take Notice, that due Obedience be given to Our Pleaſur ſignified. Given at Our Court at St. *James*'s the ſixth *May*, 1715. in the firſt Year of Our Reign.

By His Majeſty's Command,

JAMES STANH

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

Tranſlated by Mr. *POPE.*

VOL. III.

——*Det primos verſibus annos,*
Mæoniumque bibat fœlici pectore fontem.
PETR.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed by J. BETTENHAM, for BERNARD LINTOT
between the *Temple-Gates.* MDCCXXI.


BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

THE NINTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Embaſſy to *Achilles.*

AGamemnon *after the laſt day's defeat, propoſes to the* Greeks *to quit the ſiege, and return to their country.* Diomed *oppoſes this, and* Neſtor *ſeconds him, praiſing his wiſdom and reſolution. He orders the guard to be ſtrengthen'd, and a council ſummon'd to deliberate what meaſures were to be follow'd in this emergency.* Agamemnon *purſues this advice, and* Neſtor *farther prevails upon him to ſend ambaſſadors to* Achilles, *in order to move him to a reconciliation.* Ulyſſes *and* Ajax *are made choice of, who are accompanied by old* Phœnix. *They make, each of them, very moving and preſſing ſpeeches, but are rejected with roughneſs by* Achilles, *who notwithſtanding retains* Phœnix *in his tent. The ambaſſadors return unſucceſsfully to the camp, and the troops betake themſelves to ſleep.*

This book, and the next following, take up the ſpace of one night, *which is the twenty ſeventh from the beginning of the poem. The* ſcene *lies on the ſea-ſhore, the ſtation of the* Grecian *ſhips.*

THE



The Greeks astonish'd at their Defeat send Ulysses Ajax & Phœ
to Achilles. to beg him to return to the Camp. He haughtily rejects h
prayers, & dismisses them roughly.

THE

*NINTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THUS joyful *Troy* maintain'd the watch of night;
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heav'n-bred horror, on the *Grecian* part,
Sate on each face, and ſadden'd ev'ry heart.

As

* We have here a new ſcene of action opened; the Poet has hitherto given us an account of what happened by day only: the two following books relate the adventures of the night.

As from its cloudy dungeon iſſuing forth,
A double tempeſt of the weſt and north
Swells o'er the ſea, from *Thracia's* frozen ſhore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' *Ægean* roar;

It may be thought that *Homer* has crowded a great many actions into a very ſhort time. In the ninth book a council is conven'd, an embaſſy ſent, a conſiderable time paſſes in the ſpeeches and replies of the embaſſadors and *Achilles:* in the tenth book a ſecond council is call'd; after this a debate is held, *Dolon* is intercepted, *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes* enter into the enemy's camp, kill *Rheſus*, and bring away his Horſes: and all this is done in the narrow compaſs of one night.

It muſt therefore be remember'd, that the ninth book takes up the firſt part of the night only; that after the firſt council was diſſolv'd, there paſs'd ſome time before the ſecond was ſummon'd, as appears by the leaders being awakened by *Menelaus*. So that it was almoſt morning before *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes* ſet out upon their deſign, which is very evident from the words of *Ulyſſes*, book 10. v. 251.

Ἀλλ' ἴομεν μάλα γὰρ νὺξ ἄσσεται, ἰρήϊδε δ' ἠώς.

So that although a great many incidents are introduc'd, yet every thing might eaſily have been perform'd in the allotted time.

v. 7. *From* Thracia's *ſhore.*] *Homer* has been ſuppos'd by *Eratoſthenes* and others, to have been guilty of an error, in ſaying that *Zephyrus* or the weſt wind blows from *Thrace*, whereas in truth it blows toward it. But the Poet ſpeaks ſo either becauſe it is fabled to be the rendezvous of all the winds; or with reſpect to the particular ſituation of *Troy* and the *Ægean* ſea. Either of theſe replies are ſufficient to ſolve that objection.

The particular parts of this compariſon agree admirably with the deſign of *Homer*, to expreſs the diſtraction of the *Greeks:* the two winds repreſenting the different opinions of the armies, one part of which were inclin'd to return, the other to ſtay. *Euſtathius.*

This

This way and that, the boiling deeps are toſt;
Such various paſſions urg'd the troubled hoſt.
Great *Agamemnon* griev'd above the reſt;
Superior ſorrows ſwell'd his royal breaſt;
Himſelf his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the *Grecian* Peers,
But bid in whiſpers: theſe ſurround their Chief,
In ſolemn ſadneſs, and majeſtic grief.
The King amidſt the mournful circle roſe;
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows;
So ſilent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In ſable ſtreams ſoft-trickling waters ſhed.
With more than vulgar grief he ſtood oppreſt;
Words, mixt with ſighs, thus burſting from his breaſt.
Ye ſons of *Greece!* partake your Leader's care,
Fellows in arms, and Princes of the war!

Of

v. 15. *But bid in whiſpers.*] The reaſon why *Agamemnon* commands his heralds to ſummon the leaders in ſilence, is for fear the enemy ſhould diſcover their conſternation, by reaſon of their nearneſs, or perceive what their deſigns were in this extremity. *Euſtathius.*

v. 23. Agamemnon's *ſpeech.*] The criticks are divided in their opinion, whether this ſpeech, which is word for word the ſame with that he makes in *Lib.* 2. be only a feint to try the army, as it is there, or the real ſentiments of the General. *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* explains it as the former, with whom Madam *Dacier* concurs; ſhe thinks they muſt be both counterfeit, becauſe they are both

Of partial *Jove* too juſtly we complain,
And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain;

both the ſame, and believes *Homer* would have varied them, had the deſign been different. She takes no notice that *Euſtathius* is of the contrary opinion; as is alſo Monſieur *de la Motte*, who argues as if he had read him. "*Agamemnon* (ſays he) in the ſecond Iliad thought "himſelf aſſured of victory from the dream which *Jupiter* had "ſent to him, and in that confidence was deſirous to bring the "*Greeks* to a battel: but in the ninth book his circumſtances are "changed, he is in the utmoſt diſtreſs and deſpair upon his de-"feat, and therefore his propoſal to raiſe the ſiege is in all pro-"bability ſincere. If *Homer* had intended we ſhould think other-"wiſe, he would have told us ſo, as he did on the former occa-"ſion: and ſome of the officers would have ſuſpected a feint the "rather, becauſe they had been impos'd upon by the ſame ſpeech "before. But none of them ſuſpect him at all. *Diomed* thinks "him ſo much in earneſt as to reproach his cowardice. *Neſtor* "applauds *Diomed's* liberty, and *Agamemnon* makes not the leaſt "defence for himſelf."

Dacier anſwers, that *Homer* had no occaſion to tell us this was counterfeit, becauſe the officers could not but remember it to have been ſo before; and as for the anſwers of *Diomed* and *Neſtor*, they only carry on the ſame feint, as *Dionyſius* has prov'd, whoſe reaſons may be ſeen in the following note.

I do not pretend to decide upon this point; but which way ſoever it be, I think *Agamemnon's* deſign was equally anſwer'd by repeating the ſame ſpeech: ſo that the repetition at leaſt is not to be blamed in *Homer*. What obliged *Agamemnon* to that feint, in the ſecond book, was the hatred he had incurred in the army by being the cauſe of *Achilles's* departure; this made it but a neceſſary precaution in him to try, before he came to a battel, whether the *Greeks* were diſpos'd to it: And it was equally neceſſary, in caſe the event ſhould prove unſucceſsful, to free himſelf from the odium of being the occaſion of it. Therefore when they were now actually defeated, to repeat the ſame words, was the readieſt way to put them in mind that he had propos'd the ſame advice to them before the battel; and to make it appear unjuſt that their ill fortune ſhould be charged upon him. See the 5th and 8th notes on the ſecond Iliad.

A ſafe

A ſafe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conqueſt honour'd, and enrich'd with ſpoils:
Now ſhameful flight alone can ſave the hoſt;
Our wealth, our people, and our glory loſt.
So *Jove* decrees, Almighty Lord of all!
Jove, at whoſe nod whole empires riſe or fall,
Who ſhakes the feeble props of human truſt,
And tow'rs and armies humbles to the duſt.
Haſte then, for ever quit theſe fatal fields,
Haſte to the joys our native country yields;
Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended *Troy*.
He ſaid; deep ſilence held the *Grecian* band.
Silent, unmov'd, in dire diſmay they ſtand,
A penſive ſcene! 'till *Tydeus*' warlike ſon
Roll'd on the King his eyes, and thus begun.
When Kings adviſe us to renounce our fame,
Firſt let him ſpeak, who firſt has ſuffer'd ſhame.

If

v. 43. *The ſpeech of* Diomed.] I ſhall here tranſlate the Criticiſm of *Dionyſius* on this paſſage. He asks, "What can be the "drift of *Diomed*, when he inſults *Agamemnon* in his griefs and "diſtreſſes? For what *Diomed* here ſays, ſeems not only very "ill-tim'd, but inconſiſtent with his own opinion, and with the "reſpect he had ſhewn in the beginning of this very ſpeech."

If I oppoſe thee, Prince! thy wrath with-hold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou firſt, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durſt brand my courage, and defame my might;
Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
The *Greeks* ſtood witneſs, all our army heard.

If I upbraid thee, Prince, thy wrath with-hold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.

" This is the introduction of a man in temper, who is willing " to ſoften and excuſe the liberty of what is to follow, and what " neceſſity only obliges him to utter. But he ſubjoins a reſentment " of the reproach the King had formerly thrown upon him, and " tells him that *Jupiter* had given him power and dominion " without courage and virtue. Theſe are things which agree but " ill together, that *Diomed* ſhould upbraid *Agamemnon* in his ad- " verſity, with paſt injuries, after he had endur'd his reproaches " with ſo much moderation, and had reproved *Sthenelus* ſo warm- " ly for the contrary practice in the fourth book. If any one an- " ſwer, that *Diomed* was warranted in this freedom by the bra- " very of his warlike behaviour ſince that reproach, he ſuppoſes " this Hero very ignorant how to demean himſelf in proſperity. " The truth is, this whole accuſation of *Diomed*'s is only a feint " to ſerve the deſigns of *Agamemnon*. For being deſirous to per- " ſuade the *Greeks* againſt their departure, he effects that deſign by " this counterfeited anger, and licence of ſpeech: and ſeeming to " reſent, that *Agamemnon* ſhould be capable of imagining the ar- " my would return to *Greece*, he artificially makes uſe of theſe re- " proaches to cover his argument. This is farther confirm'd by " what follows, when he bids *Agamemnon* return, if he pleaſes, " and affirms that the *Grecians* will ſtay without him. Nay, he " carries the matter ſo far, as to boaſt, that if all the reſt ſhould " depart, himſelf and *Sthenelus* alone would continue the war, " which would be extremely childiſh and abſurd in any other view " than this.

The

The Gods, O Chief! from whom our honours ſpring,
The Gods have made thee but by halves a King;
They gave thee ſcepters, and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the ſeas and land,
The nobleſt pow'r that might the world controul:
They gave thee not——a brave and virtuous ſoul.
Is this a Gen'ral's voice, that would ſuggeſt
Fears like his own to ev'ry *Grecian* breaſt?
Confiding in our want of worth, he ſtands,
And if we fly, 'tis what our King commands.
Go thou inglorious! from th' embattell'd plain;
Ships thou haſt ſtore, and neareſt to the main,
A nobler care the *Grecians* ſhall employ,
To combate, conquer, and extirpate *Troy*.
Here *Greece* ſhall ſtay; or if all *Greece* retire,
My ſelf will ſtay, till *Troy* or I expire;

v. 53. *They gave thee ſcepters,* &c.] This is the language of a brave man, to affirm and ſay boldly, that courage is above ſcepters and crowns. Scepters and crowns were indeed in former times not hereditary, but the recompence of valour. With what pride and haughtineſs *Diomed* ſets himſelf indirectly above *Agamemnon!* *Euſtathius.*

v. 62. *And neareſt to the main.*] There is a ſecret ſtroke of ſatyr in theſe words: *Diomed* tells the King that his ſquadron lies next the ſea, inſinuating that they were the moſt diſtant from the hotel, and readieſt for flight. *Euſtathius.*

My

My ſelf, and *Sthenelus*, will fight for fame;
God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.
He ceas'd; the *Greeks* loud acclamation raiſe,
And voice to voice reſounds *Tydides'* praiſe.
Wiſe *Neſtor* then his rev'rend figure rear'd;
He ſpoke: the hoſt in ſtill attention heard.
O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd
Such ſtrength of body with ſuch force of mind;

v. 63. *God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.*] Th
is literal from the *Greek*, and therein may be ſeen the ſtyle of h
ſcripture, where 'tis ſaid that they *come with God*, or that t
come not *without God*, meaning that they did not come without
order: *Nunquid ſine Domino aſcendi in terram iſtam?* ſays *Rab*
kah to *Hezekiah*, in *Iſaiah* 36. v. 8. This paſſage ſeems to
very beautiful. *Homer* adds it to ſhew that the valour of *Dion*
which puts him upon remaining alone with *Sthenelus*, when
the *Greeks* were gone, is not a raſh and mad boldneſs, but a r
ſonable one, and founded on the promiſes of God himſelf, w
cannot lye. *Dacier.*

v. 73. *The ſpeech of* Neſtor.] *Dionyſius* gives us the deſign
this ſpeech in the place above-cited. " *Neſtor* (ſays he) ſeco
" the oration of *Diomed*: We ſhall perceive the artifice of his
" courſe, if we reflect to how little purpoſe it would be with
" this deſign. He praiſes *Diomed* for what he has ſaid, but doe
" not without declaring, that he had not ſpoken fully to the p
" poſe, but fallen ſhort in ſome points, which he aſcribes to
" youth, and promiſes to ſupply them. Then after a long p
" amble, when he has turn'd himſelf ſeveral ways, as if he
" ſporting in a new and uncommon vein of oratory, he c
" cludes by ordering the watch to their ſtations, and adviſ
" *Agamemnon* to invite the elders of the army to a ſupp
" there, out of many counſels, to chuſe the beſt. All t
"

In conduct, as in courage, you excel,
Still first to act what you advise so well.
Those wholsome counsels which thy wisdom moves,
Applauding *Greece* with common voice approves.

" at first sight appears absurd: but we must know that *Nestor* too
" speaks in figure. *Diomed* seems to quarrel with *Agamemnon*
" purely to gratify him; but *Nestor* praises his liberty of speech,
" as it were to vindicate a real quarrel with the King. The end
" of all this is only to move *Agamemnon* to supplicate *Achilles*;
" and to that end he so much commends the young man's free-
" dom. In proposing to call a council only of the eldest, he consults
" the dignity of *Agamemnon*, that he might not be expos'd to make
" this condescension before the younger officers. And he concludes
" by an artful inference of the absolute necessity of applying to
" *Achilles* from the present posture of their affairs.

See what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
How near our fleets approach the Trojan *fires!*

" This is all *Nestor* says at this time before the general assembly
" of the *Greeks*; but in his next speech, when the elders only are
" present, he explains the whole matter at large, and openly de-
" clares that they must have recourse to *Achilles*. *Dion. Hal.* περὶ
" ἁρμον. *p.* 2.

Plutarch de aud. Poetis, takes notice of this piece of decorum in *Nestor*, who when he intended to move for a mediation with *Achilles*, chose not to do it in publick, but propos'd a private meeting of the Chiefs to that end. If what these two great authors have said be consider'd, there will be no room for the trivial objection some moderns have made to this proposal of *Nestor's*, as if in the present distress he did no more than impertinently advise them to go to supper.

v. 73. *O truly great!*] *Nestor* could do no less than commend *Diomed's* valour, he had lately been a witness of it when he was preserv'd from falling into the enemy's hands till he was rescu'd by *Diomed*. *Eustathius.*

Kings

Kings thou canſt blame; a bold, but prudent youth;
And blame ev'n Kings with praiſe, becauſe with truth.
And yet thoſe years that ſince thy birth have run,
Would hardly ſtyle thee *Neſtor*'s youngeſt ſon.
Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfiniſh'd in that gen'rous mind;
Age bids me ſpeak; nor ſhall th' advice I bring
Diſtaſt the people, or offend the King.
Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,

v. 87. *Curs'd is the man.*] *Neſtor*, ſays the ſame author, very artfully brings in theſe words as a general maxim, in order to diſpoſe *Agamemnon* to a reconciliation with *Achilles:* he delivers it in general terms, and leaves the King to make the application. This paſſage is tranſlated with liberty, for the original comprizes a great deal in a very few words, ἀφρήτωρ, ἀθέμις, ἀνίστιος· it will be proper to give a particular explication of each of theſe; Ἀφρήτωρ, ſays *Euſtathius*, ſignifies one who is a vagabond or foreigner. The *Athenians* kept a regiſter, in which all that were born were enroll'd, whence it eaſily appear'd who were citizens, or not; Ἀφρήτωρ therefore ſignifies one who is depriv'd of the privilege of a citizen. Ἀθέμις is one who had forfeited all title to be protected by the laws of his country. Ἀνίστιος, one that has no habitation, or rather one that was not permitted to partake of any family ſacrifice. For Ἑστία is a family Goddeſs; and *Jupiter* ſometimes is called Ζεὺς ἑστιοῦχος.

There is a ſort of gradation in theſe words. Ἀθέμις, ſignifies a man that has loſt the privileges of his country; ἀφρήτωρ thoſe of his own tribe, and ἀνίστιος thoſe of his own family.

Unfit

Unfit for publick rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monſter, who delights in war;
Whoſe luſt is murder, and whoſe horrid joy
To tear his country, and his kind deſtroy!
This night, refreſh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall, let guards remain;
Be that the duty of the young and bold;
But thou, O King, to council call the old:
Great is thy ſway, and weighty are the cares;
Thy high commands muſt ſpirit all our wars.
With *Thracian* wines recruit thy honour'd gueſts,
For happy counſels flow from ſober feaſts.
Wiſe, weighty counſels aid a ſtate diſtreſt,
And ſuch a Monarch as can chuſe the beſt.
See! what a blaze from hoſtile tents aſpires,
How near our fleet approach the *Trojan* fires?
Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light,
What eye beholds 'em, and can cloſe to night?

v. 94. *Between the trench and wall.*] It is almoſt impo to make ſuch particularities as theſe appear with any tole elegance in poetry: And as they cannot be rais'd, ſo ne muſt they be omitted. This particular ſpace here ment between the trench and wall, is what we muſt carry in mind thro' this and the following book; otherwiſe we ſha at a loſs to know the exact ſcene of the actions and cou that follow.

This dreadful interval determines all;
To morrow, *Troy* muſt flame, or *Greece* muſt fall.
Thus ſpoke the hoary ſage: the reſt obey:
Swift thro' the gates the guards direct their way.
His ſon was firſt to paſs the lofty mound,
The gen'rous *Thraſymed*, in arms renown'd:
Next him *Aſcalaphus*, *Ialmen*, ſtood,
The double offspring of the Warrior-God.
Deipyrus, *Aphareus*, *Merion* join,
And *Lycomed*, of *Creon's* noble line.
Sev'n were the leaders of the nightly bands,
And each bold Chief a hundred ſpears commands.
The fires they light, to ſhort repaſts they fall,
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.
The King of men on publick counſels bent,
Conven'd the Princes in his ample tent;
Each ſeiz'd a portion of the kingly feaſt,
But ſtay'd his hand when thirſt and hunger ceaſt.

v. 119. *The fires they light.*] They lighted up theſe fires that they might not ſeem to be under any conſternation, but to be upon their guard againſt any alarm. *Euſtathius.*

v. 124. *When thirſt and hunger ceaſt.*] The conduct of *Homer* in this place is very remarkable; he does not fall into a long deſcription of the entertainment, but complies with the exigence of affairs, and paſſes on to the conſultation. *Euſtathius.*

Then

Then *Neſtor* ſpoke, for wiſdom long approv'd,
And ſlowly riſing, thus the council mov'd.
Monarch of nations! whoſe ſuperior ſway
Aſſembled States, and Lords of earth obey,
The laws and ſcepters to thy hand are giv'n,
And millions own the care of thee and heav'n.
O King! the counſel of my age attend;
With thee my cares begin, in thee muſt end;
Thee, Prince! it fits alike to ſpeak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To ſee no wholeſom motion be withſtood,
And ratify the beſt, for publick good.
Nor, tho' a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wiſdom thine.

v. 138. *And make the wiſdom thine.*] *Euſtathius* thought that *Homer* ſaid this, becauſe in council, as in the army, all is attributed to the Princes, and the whole honour aſcrib'd to them: but this is by no means *Homer's* thought. What he here ſays, is a maxim drawn from the profoundeſt philoſophy. That which often does men the moſt harm, is envy, and the ſhame of yielding to advice, which proceeds from others. There is more greatneſs and capacity in following good advice, than in propoſing it; by executing it, we render it our own, and we raviſh even the property of it from its author; and *Euſtathius* ſeems to incline to this thought, when he afterwards ſays. *Homer* makes him that follows good advice, equal to him that gives it; but he has not fully expreſs'd himſelf. *Dacier.*

Hear

Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haſte,
At once my preſent judgment, and my paſt;
When from *Pelides'* tent you forc'd the maid,
I firſt oppos'd, and faithful, durſt diſſuade;
But bold of ſoul, when headlong fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admir'd:
Now ſeek ſome means his fatal wrath to end,
With pray'rs to move him, or with gifts to bend.
To whom the King. With juſtice haſt thou ſhown
A Prince's faults, and I with reaſon own.
That happy man whom *Jove* ſtill honours moſt,
Is more than armies, and himſelf an hoſt.
Bleſt in his love, this wond'rous hero ſtands:
Heav'n fights his war, and humbles all our bands.

v. 140. *At once my preſent judgment and my paſt.*] *Neſtor* here by the word πάλαι, means the advice he gave at the time of the quarrel in the firſt book: He ſays, as it was his opinion then that *Agamemnon* ought not to diſgrace *Achilles*, ſo after the matureſt deliberation, he finds no reaſon to alter it. *Neſtor* here launches out into the praiſes of *Achilles*, which is a ſecret argument to induce *Agamemnon* to regain his friendſhip, by ſhewing the importance of it. *Euſtathius.*

v. 151. *This wond'rous hero.*] It is remarkable that *Agamemnon* here never uſes the name of *Achilles:* tho' he is reſolv'd to court his friendſhip, yet he cannot bear the mention of his name. The impreſſion which the diſſention made, is not yet worn off, tho' he expatiates in commendation of his valour. *Euſtathius.*

Fair

Fain would my heart, which err'd thro' frantic rage,
The wrathful Chief and angry Gods aſſwage.
If gifts immenſe his mighty ſoul can bow,
Hear, all ye *Greeks*, and witneſs what I vow.
Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mold;

Sev'n

v. 155. *If gifts immenſe his mighty ſoul can bow.*] The Poet says *Euſtathius*, makes a wiſe choice of the gifts that are to be proffer'd to *Achilles*. Had he been ambitious of wealth, there are golden tripods, and ten talents of gold to bribe his reſentment. If he had been addicted to the fair ſex, there was a King's daughter and ſeven fair captives to win his favour. Or if he had been ambitious of greatneſs, there were ſeven wealthy cities and a kingly power to court him to a reconciliation: but he takes this way to ſhew us that his anger was ſtronger than all his other paſſions. It is farther obſervable that *Agamemnon* promiſes theſe preſents at three different times; firſt, at this inſtant; ſecondly, on the taking of *Troy*; and laſtly, after their return to *Greece*. This diviſion in ſome degree multiplies them. *Dacier.*

v. 157. *Ten weighty talents.*] The ancient criticks have blamed one of the verſes in the enumeration of theſe preſents, as not ſufficiently flowing and harmonious, the pauſe is ill placed, and one word does not fall eaſily into the other. This will appear very plain, if we compare it with a more numerous verſe.

Ἄκρον ὀπὴ ῥιπῇσιν ἐλαφρότατος πολιοῖο πέσῃσιν.
Αἰθυσσας δὲ λίβυσσι πίσυρσι, δόσιν δ' ἴσαν ὠκεῖαι.

The ear immediately perceives the muſick of the former line; every ſyllable glides ſmoothly away, without offending the ear with any ſuch roughneſs, as is found in the ſecond. The firſt runs as ſwiftly as the courſers it deſcribes; but the latter is a broken, interrupted, uneven verſe.

Sev'n ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe:
(Rich were the man, whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed)

verſe. But it is certainly pardonable in this place, where the mul poetry is not neceſſary; the mind is entirely taken up in lea what preſents *Agamemnon* intended to make *Achilles:* and is leiſure to regard the ornaments of verſification; and even pauſes are not without their beauties, as they would of ne cauſe a ſtop in the delivery, and ſo give time for each part to ſink into the mind of *Achilles.* *Euſtathius.*

v. 159. *Sev'n ſacred tripods.*] There were two kinds o pods: in the one they uſed to boil water, the other was er for ſhew; to mix wine and water in, ſays *Athenæus:* th were called λέβητες, or cauldrons, for common uſe, and m bear the fire; the other were ἄτρυποι, and made chiefl ornament. It might be ask'd, why this could be a p preſent for *Achilles,* who was a martial Man, and regarde thing but arms? It may be anſwer'd, that theſe preſents very well ſuited to the perſon to whom they were ſent, as t in ancient days were the uſual prizes in games, and they given by *Achilles* himſelf in thoſe which he exhibited in h of *Patroclus:* the ſame may be ſaid of the female captives, were alſo among the prizes in the games of *Patroclus.* *Euſt.*

v. 161. *Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd.*] From hence it is e that games us'd to be celebrated in the *Grecian* army durin time of war; perhaps in honour of the deceas'd heroes. Fo *Agamemnon* given *Achilles* horſes that had been victorious the beginning of the *Trojan* war, they would by this time been too old to be of any value. *Euſtathius.*

Sev'n lovely captives of the *Lesbian* line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The ſame I choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When *Lesbos* ſunk beneath the hero's arms.
All theſe, to buy his friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And join'd with theſe the long-conteſted maid;
With all her charms, *Briſeïs* I reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were never mine;
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltleſs of my loves.
Theſe inſtant ſhall be his; and if the powr's
Give to our arms proud *Ilion*'s hoſtile tow'rs,
Then ſhall he ſtore (when *Greece* the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs his loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides full twenty nymphs of *Trojan* race,
With copious love ſhall crown his warm embrace;
Such as himſelf will chuſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to *Helen*'s heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on *Argos* fruitful ſhore,
There ſhall he live, my ſon, our honours ſhare,
And with *Oreſtes*' ſelf divide my care.
Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;

Laodice

Laodice and *Iphigenia* fair,
And bright *Chryſothemis* with golden hair;
Her let him chooſe, whom moſt his eyes approve,
I ask no preſents, no reward for love:
My ſelf will give the dow'r; ſo vaſt a ſtore,
As never father gave a child before.

Sev'n

v. 189. Laodice *and* Iphigenia, &c.] Theſe are the names of *Agamemnon's* daughters, among which we do not find *Electra*. But ſome affirm, ſays *Euſtathius*, that *Laodice* and *Electra* are the ſame, (as *Iphianaſſa* is the ſame with *Iphigenia*) and ſhe was called ſo either by way of ſirname, or by reaſon of her complexion, which was ἀλευτεροειδὲς, *flava*; or by way of deriſion ἀλάστορα φασὶ ἄλαστον, becauſe ſhe was an old maid, as appears from *Euripides*, who ſays that ſhe remain'd long a virgin.

Παρθένε, μακρὸν δὴ μῆνα ἀλάστορα χρόνιν.

And in *Sophocles*, ſhe ſays of herſelf, Ἀνύμεναν ἄλαστον ἀχῶ, *I wander a diſconſolate unmarry'd virgin*, which ſhews that it was ever look'd upon as a diſgrace to continue long ſo.

v. 192. *I ask no preſents——My ſelf will give the dow'r.*] For in *Greece* the bridegroom, before he marry'd, was obliged to make two preſents, one to his betroth'd wife, and the other to his father in law. This cuſtom is very ancient; it was practiſed by the *Hebrews* in the time of the patriarchs. *Abraham's* ſervant gave necklaces and ear-rings to *Rebecca*, whom he demanded for *Iſaac*, *Geneſis* 24.22. *Shechem* ſon of *Hamor* ſays to *Jacob* and his ſons, whoſe ſiſter he was deſirous to eſpouſe, "Ask me never ſo much dowry and gifts, "*Geneſis* 34. 12. For the dowry was for the daughter. This preſent ſerv'd for her dowry, and the other preſents were for the father. In the firſt book of *Samuel* 18.25. *Saul* makes them ſay to *David*, who by reaſon of his poverty ſaid he could not be ſon in law to the King: "The King deſireth not any dowry. And in the two laſt paſſages, we

Sev'n ample cities shall confess his sway,
Him *Enope*, and *Pheræ* him obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred *Pedasus* for vines renown'd;
Æpus fair, the Pastures *Hira* yields,
And rich *Anthoia* with her flow'ry fields:
The whole extent to *Pylos'* sandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil:*
There shall he reign with pow'r and justice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
And sure all this may move his mighty soul.
Pluto, the grisly God, who never spares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no pray'rs,

Lives

* See the presents were commonly regulated by the father of the bride. There is no mention in *Homer* of any present made to the father, but only of that which was given to the married daughter, which was call'd ἐεδνα. The dowry which the father gave to his daughter was call'd μοιτα: wherefore *Agamemnon* says here ὑπεσχετο δ' ὁσα. *Dacier.*

v. 209. Pluto, *the grisly God, who never spares.*] The meaning of this may be gather'd from *Æschylus*, cited here by *Eustathius.*

Lives dark and dreadful in deep Hell's abodes,
And mortals hate him, as the worſt of Gods.
Great tho' he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my years, and more my ſway.
The Monarch thus: the rev'rend *Neſtor* then:
Great *Agamemnon!* glorious King of Men!
Such are thy offers as a Prince may take,
And ſuch as fits a gen'rous King to make.
Let choſen delegates this hour be ſent,
(My ſelf will name them) to *Pelides'* tent:
Let *Phœnix* lead, rever'd for hoary age,
Great *Ajax* next, and *Ithacus* the ſage.

Yet

Μόνος θεῶν θανατος ἐ δῶρα ἱρὰ,
Οὐδ' αἴ τι θύων ἐδ' ὑπισπένδων λέβοις,
Οὐδ' ἵστι βωμὸς, ἐδὲ παιανίζεν.

"Death is the only God who is not mov'd by offerings, whom "you cannot conquer by ſacrifices and oblations, and therefore "he is the only God to whom no altar is erected, and no hymns "are ſung.

v. 221. *Let* Phœnix *lead.*] How comes it to paſs that *Phœnix* is in the *Grecian* camp: when undoubtedly he retir'd with his pupil *Achilles? Euſtathius* ſays the ancients conjectur'd that he came to the camp to ſee the laſt battel: and indeed nothing is more natural to imagine, than that *Achilles* would be impatient to know the event of the day, when he was himſelf abſent from the fight: and as his revenge and glory were to be ſatisfy'd by the ill ſucceſs of the *Grecians*, it is highly probable that he ſent *Phœnix* to enquire after it. *Euſtathius* farther obſerves, *Phœnix* was not an embaſſa-

dor,

Yet more to ſanctify the word you ſend,
Let *Hodius* and *Eurybates* attend,
Now pray to *Jove* to grant what *Greece* demands;
Pray, in deep ſilence, and with pureſt hands.
He ſaid, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleanſing water from the living ſpring.
The youth with wine the ſacred goblets crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the ſands around.
The rite perform'd, the Chiefs their thirſt allay,
Then from the royal tent they take their way;

dor, but only the conductor of the embaſſy. This is evident from the words themſelves, which are all along deliver'd in the dual number; and farther from *Achilles*'s requiring *Phœnix* to ſtay with him when the other two departed.

v. 222. *Great* Ajax *next, and* Ithacus *the ſage.*] The choice of theſe perſons is made with a great deal of Judgment. *Achilles* could not but reverence the venerable *Phœnix* his guardian and tutor. *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes* had been diſgrac'd in the firſt book, line 187, as well as he, and were therefore proper perſons to perſuade him to forgive as they had forgiven; beſides, it was the greateſt honour that could be done to *Achilles*, to ſend the moſt worthy perſonages in the army to him. *Ulyſſes* was inferior to none in eloquence but to *Neſtor*. *Ajax* was ſecond to none in valour but to *Achilles*. *Ajax* might have an influence over him as a relation, by deſcent from *Æacus*, *Ulyſſes* as an orator: to theſe are join'd *Hodius* and *Eurybates*, two heralds, which tho' it were not cuſtomary, yet was neceſſary in this place, both to certify *Achilles* that this embaſſage was the act of *Agamemnon* himſelf, and alſo to make theſe perſons who had been witneſſes before God and man of the wrong done to *Achilles* in reſpect to *Briſeïs*, witneſſes alſo of the ſatisfaction given him. *Euſtathius.*

Wiſe *Neſtor* turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids t' offend, inſtructs them to apply:
Much he adviſ'd them all, *Ulyſſes* moſt,
To deprecate the Chief, and ſave the hoſt.
Thro' the ſtill night they march, and hear the roar
Of murm'ring billows on the ſounding ſhore.
To *Neptune*, ruler of the ſeas profound,
Whoſe liquid arms the mighty globe ſurround,
They pour forth vows, their embaſſy to bleſs,
And calm the rage of ſtern *Æacides*.
And now arriv'd, where, on the ſandy bay
The *Myrmidonian* tents and veſſels lay;
Amus'd at eaſe, the godlike man they found,
Pleas'd with the ſolemn harp's harmonious ſound.

(The

v. 235. *Much he adviſ'd them all, Ulyſſes moſt.*] There is a great propriety in repreſenting *Neſtor* as ſo particularly applying himſelf on this occaſion to *Ulyſſes*. Tho' he of all men had the leaſt need of his inſtructions; yet it is highly natural for one wiſe man to talk moſt to another.

v. 246. *Pleas'd with the ſolemn harp's harmonious ſound.*] "Homer (ſays *Plutarch*) to prove what an excellent uſe may be made "of muſick, feign'd *Achilles* to compoſe by this means the wrath "he had conceiv'd againſt *Agamemnon*. He ſung to his harp the "noble actions of the valiant, and the atchievements of Heroes "and Demigods, a ſubject worthy of *Achilles*. *Homer* moreover "teaches us in this fiction the proper ſeaſon for muſick, when a "man is at leiſure and unemploy'd in greater affairs. For *Achilles*, "ſo valorous as he was, had retir'd from action thro' his diſplea-"ſure

(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd *Thebe* came;
Of poliſh'd ſilver was its coſtly frame;)
With this he ſooths his angry ſoul, and ſings
Th' immortal deeds of Heroes and of Kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty ſtrain;
Full oppoſite he ſate, and liſten'd long,
In ſilence waiting till he ceas'd the ſong.
Unſeen the *Grecian* embaſſy proceeds
To his high tent; the great *Ulyſſes* leads.
Achilles ſtarting, as the Chiefs he ſpy'd,
Leap'd from his ſeat, and laid the harp aſide.
With like ſurprize aroſe *Menœtius* ſon:
Nides graſp'd their hands, and thus begun.
Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,
Or ſtrong neceſſity, or urgent fear;
Welcome,

« ſure to *Agamemnon*. And nothing was better ſuited to the man-
« tal diſpoſition of this hero, than theſe heroick ſongs, that pre-
« pared him for the deeds and toils he afterwards undertook, by
« the celebration of the like in thoſe who had gone before him.
« Such was the ancient muſick, and to ſuch purpoſes it was ap-
« ply'd. *Plut. of muſick.* The ſame author relates in the life of
Alexander, that when the lyre of *Paris* was offer'd to that Prince,
he made anſwer, « He had little value for it, but much deſired that
« of *Achilles*, on which he ſung the actions of heroes in former
« times.

v. 261. *Princes all hail!*] This ſhort ſpeech is wonderfully pro-
per to the occaſion, and to the temper of the ſpeaker. One

Welcome, tho' *Greeks!* for not as foes ye came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.
With that, the Chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And plac'd in ſeats with purple carpets ſpread.
Then thus—*Patroclus*, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open ev'ry ſoul.
Of all the warriors yonder hoſt can ſend,
Thy friend moſt honours theſe, and theſe thy friend.

is under a great expectation of what *Achilles* will ſay at the ſight of theſe heroes, and I know nothing in nature that could ſatisfy it, but the very thing he here accoſts them with.

v. 268. *Mix purer wine.*] The meaning of this word ζωρότερον is very dubious; ſome ſay it ſignifies warm wine, from ζέω, *ferveo*: according to *Ariſtotle* it is an adverb, and implies to mix wine *quickly*. And others think it ſignifies pure wine. In this laſt ſenſe *Herodotus* uſes it. Ἐπὰν ζωρότερον βούλωνται οἱ Σπαρτιῆται πιεῖν, ἐπικαλεῦνται λέγουσιν, ὡς ἄρα τὸν τῶν Σκυθέων, οἵ φασιν, εἰς Σπάρτην ἀφικόμενοι σοφιστὰς, ἐδίδαξαν τὸ Κλεομένεϊ ἀκρητοπόλεϊν. Which in *Engliſh* is thus: "When the *Spartans* have an inclination to drink their "wine pure and not diluted, they propoſe to drink after the man-"ner of the *Scythians*; ſome of whom coming embaſſadors to *Sparta*, "taught *Cleomenes* to drink his wine unmix'd. I think this ſenſe of the word is moſt natural, and *Achilles* might give this particular order not to dilute the wine ſo much as uſually, becauſe the embaſſadors who were brave men, might be ſuppos'd to be much fatigu'd in the late battel, and to want a more than uſual refreſhment. *Euſtathius.* See *Plutarch. Symp. l. 4. c. 5.*

He

He ſaid; *Patroclus* o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in a brazen vaſe three chines entire:

The

v. 271. Patroclus *o'er the blazing fire*, &c.] The reader muſt not expect to find much beauty in ſuch deſcriptions as theſe: they give us an exact account of the ſimplicity of that age, which for all we know might be a part of *Homer's* deſign; there being, no doubt, a conſiderable change of cuſtoms in *Greece*, from the time of the *Trojan* war to thoſe wherein our author lived; and it ſeem'd demanded of him to omit nothing that might give the *Greeks* an idea of the manners of their predeceſſors. But however that matter ſtood, it ſhould methinks be a pleaſure to a modern reader to ſee how ſuch mighty men, whoſe actions have ſurviv'd their perſons three thouſand years, liv'd in the earlieſt ages of the world. The embaſſadors found this hero, ſays *Euſtathius*, without any attendants; he had no uſhers or waiters to introduce them, no ſervile paraſites about him: the latter ages degenerated into theſe pieces of ſtate and pageantry.

The ſupper alſo is deſcrib'd with an equal ſimplicity: three Princes are buſied in preparing it, and they who made the greateſt figure in the field of battel, thought it no diſparagement to prepare their own repaſt. The objections ſome have made that *Homer's* Gods and Heroes do every thing for themſelves, as if ſeveral of thoſe offices were unworthy of them, proceeds from the corrupt idea of modern luxury and grandeur: whereas in truth it is rather a weakneſs and imperfection to ſtand in need of the aſſiſtance and miniſtry of others. But however it be, methinks thoſe of the niceſt taſte might reliſh this entertainment of *Homer's*, when they conſider theſe great men as ſoldiers in a camp, in whom the leaſt appearance of luxury would have been a crime.

v. 271. Patroclus *o'er the blazing fire.*] Madam *Dacier's* general note on this paſſage deſerves to be tranſcribed. "*Homer*, ſays ſhe, "is in the right not to avoid theſe deſcriptions, becauſe nothing "can properly be called vulgar which is drawn from the manner "and uſages of perſons of the firſt dignity; and alſo becauſe in "his tongue even the terms of cookery are ſo noble, and of ſo

The brazen vaſe *Automedon* ſuſtains,
Which fleſh of parket, ſheep, and goat contains:
Achilles at the genial feaſt preſides,
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
Mean while *Patroclus* ſweats the fire to raiſe;
The tent is brightned with the riſing blaze:
Then, when the languid flames at length ſubſide,
He ſtrows a bed of glowing embers wide,

" agreeable a ſound, and he likewiſe knows how to place them ſo
" well, as to extract a perfect harmony from them: ſo that he
" may be ſaid to be as excellent a poet when he deſcribes theſe
" ſmall matters, as when he treats of the greateſt ſubjects. 'Tis
" not ſo either with our manners, or our language. Cookery is
" left to ſervants, and all its terms ſo low and diſagreeable, even
" in the ſound, that nothing can be made of them, that has not
" ſome taint of their meanneſs. This great diſadvantage made me
" at firſt think of abridging this preparation of the repaſt; but
" when I had well conſider'd it, I was reſolv'd to preſerve and
" give *Homer* as he is, without retrenching any thing from the ſim-
" plicity of the heroick manners. I do not write to enter the
" liſts againſt *Homer*, I will diſpute nothing with him; my deſign
" is only to give an idea of him, and to make him underſtood:
" the reader will therefore forgive me if this deſcription has none
" of its original graces.

v. 272. *In a brazen vaſe.*] The word χρέιον ſignifies the veſſel, and not the meat it ſelf, as *Euphorion* conjectured, giving it as a reaſon that *Homer* makes no mention of boiled meat: but this does not hinder but that the meat might be parboil'd in the veſſel to make it roaſt the ſooner. This, with ſome other notes on the particulars of this paſſage, belong to *Euſtathius*, and Madam *Dacier* ought not to have taken to herſelf the merit of his explanations.

Above

Above the coals the ſmoaking fragments turns,
And ſprinkles ſacred ſalt from lifted urns;
With bread the glitt'ring caniſters they load,
Which round the board *Menœtius'* ſon beſtow'd;
Himſelf, oppos'd t' *Ulyſſes* full in ſight,
Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.
The firſt fat off'rings, to th' Immortals due,
Amidſt the greedy flames *Patroclus* threw;
Then each, indulging in the ſocial feaſt,
His thirſt and hunger ſoberly repreſt.
That done, to *Phœnix Ajax* gave the ſign;
Not unperceiv'd; *Ulyſſes* crown'd with wine

The-

v. 282. *And ſprinkles ſacred ſalt.*] Many reaſons are given why ſalt is call'd ſacred or divine, but the beſt is becauſe it preſerves things incorrupt, and keeps them from diſſolution. "So thunder "(ſays *Plutarch Sympoſ. l. 5. qu.* 10.) is called divine, becauſe bo-"dies ſtruck with thunder will not putrify; beſides, generation is "divine, becauſe God is the principle of all things, and ſalt is moſt "operative in generation. *Lycophron* calls it ἁφροτίτην ἢ ἅλα· for "this reaſon *Venus* was feign'd by the poets to ſpring from the "ſea.

v. 291. *To Phœnix Ajax gave the ſign.*] *Ajax*, who was a rough ſoldier and no orator, is impatient to have the buſineſs over: he makes a ſign to *Phœnix* to begin, but *Ulyſſes* prevents him. Perhaps *Ulyſſes* might flatter himſelf that his oratory would prevail upon *Achilles*, and ſo obtain the honour of making the reconciliation himſelf: or if he were repuls'd, there yet remain'd a ſecond and third reſource in *Ajax* and *Phœnix*, who might renew the attempt, and endeavour to ſhake his reſolution: there would ſtill be ſome hopes

The foaming bowl, and inſtant thus began,
His ſpeech addreſſing to the Godlike man.
Health to *Achilles!* happy are thy gueſts!
Not thoſe more honour'd whom *Atrides* feaſts:

of ſucceſs, as one of theſe was his guardian, the other his relation. One may farther add to theſe reaſons of *Euſtathius*, that it would have been improper for *Phœnix* to have ſpoken firſt, ſince he was not an embaſſador; and therefore *Ulyſſes* was the fitter Perſon, as being empower'd by that function to make an offer of the preſent in the name of the King.

v. 295. *Health to* Achilles.] There are no diſcourſes in the Iliad better placed, better tim'd, or that give a greater idea of *Homer's* genius, than theſe of the embaſſadors to *Achilles*. Theſe ſpeeches are not only neceſſarily demanded by the occaſion, but diſpoſed with art, and in ſuch an order, as raiſes more and more the pleaſure of the reader. *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks the firſt, the character of whoſe diſcourſe is a well-addreſs'd eloquence; ſo the mind is agreeably engag'd by the choice of his reaſons and applications: *Achilles* replies with a magnanimous freedom, whereby the mind is elevated with the ſentiments of the hero: *Phœnix* diſcourſes in a manner touching and pathetick, whereby the heart is moved: and *Ajax* concludes with a generous diſdain, that leaves the ſoul of the reader inflamed. This order undoubtedly denotes a great poet, who knows how to command attention as he pleaſes, by the arrangement of his matter; and I believe it is not poſſible to propoſe a better model for the happy diſpoſition of a ſubject. Theſe words are Monſieur *de la Motte's*, and no teſtimony can be more glorious to *Homer* than this, which comes from the mouth of an enemy.

v. 296. *Not thoſe more honour'd whom* Atrides *feaſts.*] I muſt juſt mention *Dacier's* obſervation: With what cunning *Ulyſſes* here ſlides in the odious name of *Agamemnon*, as he praiſes *Achilles*, that the ear of this impetuous man might be familiariz'd to that name.

Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That *Agamemnon*'s regal tent affords;
But greater cares ſit heavy on our ſouls,
Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls.
What ſcenes of ſlaughter in yon fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
Greece on the brink of Fate all doubtful ſtands,
And owns no help but from thy ſaving hands:
Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call;
Their threat'ning tents already ſhade our wall:
Hear how with ſhouts their conqueſt they proclaim,
And point at every ſhip their vengeful flame!
For them the Father of the Gods declares,
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
See, full of *Jove*, avenging *Hector* riſe!
See! Heav'n and earth the raging Chief defies;
What fury in his breaſt, what light'ning in his eyes!
He waits but for the morn, to ſink in flame
The ſhips, the *Greeks*, and all the *Grecian* name.
Heav'ns!

v. 314. *He waits but for the morn, to ſink in flame The ſhips, the Greeks, &c.*] There is a circumſtance in the original which I have omitted, for fear of being too particular in an oration of this warmth and importance; but as it preſerves a piece of antiquity I muſt not forget it here. He ſays that *Hector* will not only fire the

Heav'ns! how my country's woes distract my mind,
Left fate accomplish all his rage design'd.
And must we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
In *Trojan* dust, and this the fatal day?
Return, *Achilles!* oh return, tho' late,
To save thy *Greeks*, and stop the course of fate;
If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,
Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!
The day may come, when all our warriors slain,
That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.
Regard in time, O Prince divinely brave!
Those wholsome counsels which thy father gave.
When *Peleus* in his aged arms embrac'd
His parting son, these accents were his last.
My child! with strength, with glory, and success,
Thy arms may *Juno* and *Minerva* bless!
Trust that to Heav'n: but thou, thy cares engage
To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
And shun contention, the sure source of woe;

fleet, but bear off the *statues of the Gods*, which were carv'd on the prows of the vessels. These were hung up in the temples, as a monument of victory, according to the custom of those times.

That

That young and old may in thy praiſe combine,
The virtues of humanity be thine——
This, now deſpis'd advice, thy father gave;
Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.
If thou wilt yield to great *Atrides'* pray'rs,
Gifts worthy thee, his royal hand prepares;
If not——but hear me, while I number o'er
The proffer'd preſents, an exhauſtleſs ſtore.
Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold.
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mold;
Sev'n ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame.
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe:
(Rich were the man, whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed)

v. 342. *But hear me, while I number o'er The proffer'd preſents.*] Monſieur *de La Motte* finds fault with *Homer* for making *Ulyſſes* in this place repeat all the offers of *Agamemnon* to *Achilles*. Not to anſwer that it was but neceſſary to make known to *Achilles* all the propoſals, or that this diſtinct enumeration ſerv'd the more to move him, I think one may appeal to any perſon of common taſte, whether the ſolemn recital of theſe circumſtances does not pleaſe him more than the ſimple narration could have done, which Monſieur *de la Motte* would have put in its ſtead. *Ulyſſes made all the offers Agamemnon had commiſſion'd him.*

Sev'n

Sev'n lovely captives of the *Lesbian* line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The ſame he choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When *Lesbos* ſunk beneath thy conqu'ring arms:
All theſe, to buy thy friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And join'd with theſe the long-conteſted maid;
With all her charms, *Briſeïs* he'll reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were only thine,
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
Theſe inſtant ſhall be thine; and if the pow'rs
Give to our arms proud *Ilion*'s hoſtile tow'rs,
Then ſhall thou ſtore (when *Greece* the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs thy loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides full twenty nymphs of *Trojan* race,
With copious love ſhall crown thy warm embrace;
Such as thy ſelf ſhall chuſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to *Helen*'s heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on *Argos* fruitful ſhore,
There ſhalt thou live his ſon, his honours ſhare,
And with *Oreſtes*' ſelf divide his care.
Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;

Laodice

Laodice and *Iphigenia* fair,
And bright *Chryſothemis* with golden hair;
Her ſhalt thou wed whom moſt thy eyes approve;
He asks no preſents, no reward for love:
Himſelf will give the dow'r; ſo vaſt a ſtore,
As never father gave a child before.
Sev'n ample cities ſhall confeſs thy ſway,
Thee *Enope*, and *Phera* thee obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred *Pedaſus*, for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the paſtures *Hira* yields,
And rich *Antheia* with her flow'ry fields:
The whole extent to *Pylos'* ſandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the ſoil.
There ſhalt thou reign with pow'r and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
Such the repentance of a ſuppliant King.
But if all this relentleſs thou diſdain,
If honour, and if int'reſt plead in vain;
Yet ſome redreſs to ſuppliant *Greece* afford,
And be, amongſt her guardian Gods, ador'd.

If

If no regard thy ſuff'ring country claim,
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
For now that chief, whoſe unreſiſted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hoſts retire,
Proud *Hector*, now, th' unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deſerve thy hands.
Then thus the Goddeſs-born. *Ulyſſes*, hear
A faithful ſpeech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
What in my ſecret ſoul is underſtood,
My tongue ſhall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let *Greece* then know, my purpoſe I retain,
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart deteſts him as the gates of hell.
Then thus in ſhort, my fixt reſolves attend,
Which nor *Atrides*, nor his Greeks can bend;

v. 406. Achilles's *ſpeech.*] Nothing is more remarkable than the conduct of *Homer* in this ſpeech of *Achilles*. He begins with ſome degree of coolneſs, as in reſpect to the embaſſadors, whoſe perſons he eſteem'd, yet even there his temper juſt ſhews itſelf in the inſinuation that *Ulyſſes* had dealt artfully with him, which in two periods riſes into an open deteſtation of all artifice. He then falls into a ſullen declaration of his reſolves, and a more ſedate repreſentation of his paſt ſervices; but warms as he goes on, and every minute he but names his wrongs, flies out into extravagance. His rage, awaken'd by that injury, is like a fire blown by a wind, that ſinks and riſes by fits, but keeps continually burning, and blazes but the more for thoſe intermiſſions.

Long

Long toils, long perils in their cauſe I bore,
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the ſame;
Alike regretted in the duſt he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
As the bold bird her helpleſs young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends;
In ſearch of prey ſhe wings the ſpacious air,
And with th' untaſted food ſupplies her care:
For thankleſs Greece ſuch hardſhips have I brav'd,
Her wives, her infants by my labours ſav'd;
Long ſleepleſs nights in heavy arms I ſtood,
And ſweat laborious days in duſt and blood.

v. 434. *As the bold bird, &c.*] This ſimile (ſays *le Motte*) muſt be allow'd to be juſt, but was not fit to be ſpoken in a paſſion. One may anſwer, that the tenderneſs of the compariſon renders it no way the leſs proper to a man in a paſſion; it being natural enough, the more one is diſguſted at preſent, the more to recollect the kindneſs we have formerly ſhewn to thoſe who are ungrateful. *Euſtathius* obſerves, that ſo ſoft as the ſimile ſeems, it has nevertheleſs its *fierté*; for *Achilles* herein expreſſes his contempt for the *Greeks*, as a weak defenceleſs people, who muſt have periſhed, if he had not preſerved them. And indeed, if we conſider what is ſaid in the preceding note, it will appear that the paſſion of *Achilles* ought not as yet to be at the height.

I. ſack'd

I ſack'd twelve ample Cities on the Main,
And twelve lay ſmoaking on the *Trojan* Plain:
Then at *Atrides'* haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the ſpoils I made.
Your mighty Monarch theſe in peace poſſeſt;
Some few my ſoldiers had, himſelf the reſt.
Some preſent too ev'ry Prince was paid;
And ev'ry Prince enjoys the gift he made;
I only muſt refund, of all his train;
See what prehemінence our merits gain!
My ſpoil alone his greedy ſoul delights;
My ſpouſe alone muſt bleſs his luſtful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of *Greece* to *Troy*?
What to theſe ſhores th' aſſembled nations draws,
What calls for vengeance but a woman's cauſe?

v. 432. *I ſack'd twelve ample cities.*] *Euſtathius* ſays, that the anger of *Achilles* not only throws him into tautology, but alſo into ambiguity: For, ſays he, theſe words may either ſignify that he deſtroy'd twelve cities with his ſhips, or barely cities with twelve ſhips. But *Euſtathius* in this place is like many other Commentators, who can ſee a meaning in a ſentence, that never enter'd into the thoughts of an author. It is not eaſy to conceive how *Achilles* could have expreſs'd himſelf more clearly. There is no doubt but δώδεκα agrees with the ſame word that ἐνδεκα does, in the following Line, which is certainly πόλεις: and there is a manifeſt enumeration of the places he had conquer'd, by ſea, and by land.

Are

Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
Belov'd by none but thoſe of *Atreus'* race?
The Wife whom choice and paſſion both approve,
Sure ev'ry wiſe and worthy man will love.
Nor did my fair one leſs diſtinction claim;
Slave as ſhe was, my ſoul ador'd the dame.
Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I diſdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I truſt not Kings again.
Ye have my anſwer——what remains to do,
Your King, *Ulyſſes*, may conſult with you.

What

v. 450. *The wife whom choice and paſſion both approve, Sure ev'ry wiſe and worthy man will love.*] The argument of *Achilles* in this place is very a-propos with reference to the caſe of *Agamemnon*. If I tranſlated it *verbatim*, I muſt ſay in plain *Engliſh*, *Every honeſt man loves his wife*. Thus *Homer* has made this raſh, this fiery ſoldier govern'd by his paſſions, and in the rage of youth, bear teſtimony to his own reſpect for the ladies. But it ſeems *Poltis* King of *Thrace* was of another opinion, who would have parted with two wives, out of pure good-nature to two mere ſtrangers; as I have met with the ſtory ſomewhere in *Plutarch*. When the *Greeks* were raiſing forces againſt *Troy*, they ſent embaſſadors to this *Poltis* to deſire his aſſiſtance. He enquir'd the cauſe of the war, and was told it was the injury *Paris* had done *Menelaus* in taking his wife from him. "If that be all, ſaid the good King, let me accommo-"date the difference: Indeed it is not juſt the *Greek* Prince ſhould "loſe a wife, and on the other ſide it is pity the *Trojan* ſhould "want one. Now I have two wives, and to prevent all this miſ-"chief, I'll ſend one of them to *Menelaus*, and the other to *Paris*." It is a ſhame this ſtory is ſo little known, and that poor *Poltis* yet remains uncelebrated: I cannot but recommend him to the modern Poets.

v. 457. *Your King*, Ulyſſes, *may conſult with you.*] *Achilles* ſtill remembers what *Agamemnon* ſaid to him when they quarrel'd

What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can ſhake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round,
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not theſe (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of *Priam*'s ſingle ſon?
There was a time ('twas when for *Greece* I fought)
When *Hector*'s Proweſs no ſuch wonders wrought;
He kept the verge of *Troy*, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles fury at the *Scæan* gate;
He try'd it once, and ſcarce was ſav'd by Fate.
But now theſe ancient enmities are o'er;
To morrow we the fav'ring Gods implore,

rel'd. *Other brave warriors will be left behind to follow me in battel;* as we have ſeen in the firſt book. He anſwers here without either ſparing *Ajax* or *Ulyſſes*; as much his friends as they are, they have their ſhare in this ſtroke of raillery. *Euſtathius.*

v. 459. *Has he not Walls?*] This is a bitter ſatyr (ſays *Euſtathius*) againſt *Agamemnon*, as if his only deeds were the making of this Wall, this Ditch, theſe Palliſades, to defend himſelf againſt thoſe whom he came to beſiege: There was no need of theſe retrenchments, whilſt *Achilles* fought. But (as *Dacier* obſerves) this Satyr does not affect *Agamemnon* only, but *Neſtor* too, who had adviſ'd the making of theſe retrenchments, and who had ſaid in the ſecond Book, *If there are a few who ſeparate themſelves from the reſt of the Army, let them ſtay and periſh*, v. 346. Probably this had been reported to *Achilles*, and that Hero revenges himſelf here by mocking theſe retrenchments.

Then

Then ſhall you ſee our parting veſſels crown'd,
And hear with oars the *Helleſpont* reſound.
The third day hence, ſhall *Pthia* greet our ſails,
If mighty *Neptune* ſend propitious gales;
Pthia to her *Achilles* ſhall reſtore
The wealth he left for this deteſted ſhore:
Thither the ſpoils of this long war ſhall paſs,
The ruddy gold, the ſteel, and ſhining braſs;
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
And all that reſts of my unraviſh'd prey.
One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave,
And that reſum'd; the fair *Lyrneſſian* ſlave.

Then

v. 473. *The third day hence ſhall* Pthia, &c.] *Monſieur de la Motte* thinks the mention of theſe minute circumſtances not to agree with the paſſionate character of the ſpeaker; that *he ſhall arrive at* Pthia *in three days, that he ſhall find there all the riches he left when he came to the ſiege,* and that *he ſhall carry other treaſures home. Dacier* anſwers, that we need only conſider the preſent ſituation of *Achilles*, and his cauſe of complaint againſt *Agamemnon*, and we ſhall be ſatisfied here is nothing but what is exactly agreeable to the occaſion. To convince the embaſſadors that he will return home, he inſtances the eaſineſs of doing it in the ſpace of three days. *Agamemnon* had injur'd him in the point of booty, he therefore declares he had ſufficient treaſures at home, and that he will carry off ſpoils enough, and women enough to make amends for thoſe that Prince had raviſh'd from him. Every one of theſe particulars marks his paſſion and reſentment.

v. 481. *One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave.*] The injury which *Agamemnon* offer'd to *Achilles* is ſtill uppermoſt in his thoughts; he has but juſt diſmiſs'd it, and now returns to it again. Theſe repetitions are far from being faults in *Achilles's*

(That ſpreads her conqueſts o'er a thouſand ſtates,
And pours her heroes thro' a hundred gates,
Two hundred horſemen, and two hundred cars
From each wide portal iſſuing to the wars)
Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
Than duſt in fields, or ſands along the ſhore;
Should all theſe offers for my friendſhip call;
'Tis he that offers, and I ſcorn them all.

" call'd the *Hundred-gated*, only as having many Gates. Yet it is
" certain it furniſhed twenty thouſand chariots of war; for there
" were a hundred ſtables along the River, from *Memphis* to *Thebes*
" towards *Libya*, each of which contain'd two hundred horſes, the
" ruins whereof are ſhewn at this day. The Princes from time to
" time made it their care to beautify and enlarge this city; to which
" none under the ſun was equal in the many and magnificent trea-
" ſures of gold, ſilver, and ivory; with innumerable *coloſſus's*, and
" obeliſques of one entire ſtone. There were four temples admi-
" rable in beauty and greatneſs, the moſt ancient of which was in
" circuit thirteen *ſtadia*, and five and forty cubits in height, with
" a wall of four and twenty foot broad. The ornaments and offer-
" ings within were agreeable to this magnificence, both in value
" and workmanſhip. The fabrick is yet remaining, but the gold,
" ſilver, ivory, and precious ſtones were ranſack'd by the *Perſians*,
" when *Cambyſes* burn'd the temples of *Ægypt*. There were found
" in the rubbiſh above three hundred talents of gold, and no leſs
" than two thouſand three hundred of ſilver." The ſame author proceeds to give many inſtances of the magnificence of this great city. The deſcription of the ſepulchres of their Kings, and particularly that of *Oſymandyas*, is perfectly aſtoniſhing, to which I refer the Reader.

Strabo farther informs us, that the Kings of *Thebes* extended their conqueſts as far as *Scythia*, *Bactria*, and *India*.

Atrides'

Atrides' daughter never ſhall be led
(An ill-match'd conſort) to *Achilles'* bed;
Like golden *Venus* tho' ſhe charm'd the heart,
And vy'd with *Pallas* in the works of art.
Some greater *Greek* let thoſe high nuptials grace;
I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
If Heav'n reſtore me to my realms with life,
The rev'rend *Peleus* ſhall elect my wife;
Theſſalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
And Kings that ſue to mix their blood with mine.
Bleſt in kind love, my years ſhall glide away,
Content with juſt hereditary ſway;
There deaf for ever to the martial ſtrife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of Life.
Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all *Apollo's Pythian* treaſures hold,
Or *Troy* once held, in peace and pride of ſway,
Can bribe the poor poſſeſſion of a day!

v. 526. *Not all* Apollo's Pythian *treaſures.*] The temple of *Apollo* at *Delphos* was the richeſt temple in the world, by the offerings which were brought to it from all parts; there were ſtatues of maſſy gold of a human ſize, figures of animals in gold, and ſeveral other treaſures. A great ſign of its wealth is, that the *Phocians* pillag'd it in the time of *Philip* the ſon of *Amyntas*, which gave occaſion to the holy war. 'Tis ſaid to have been pillag'd before, and that the great riches of which *Homer* ſpeaks, had been carried away. *Euſtathius.*

Loſt herds and treaſures, we by arms regain,
And ſteeds unrivall'd on the duſty plain;
But from our lips the vital ſpirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the ſilent dead.
My fates long ſince by *Thetis* were diſclos'd,
And each alternate, life or fame propos'd:

Here,

v. 530. *The vital ſpirit fled, Returns no more.*] Nothing ſure could be better imagin'd, or more ſtrongly paint *Achilles*'s reſentment, than this commendation which *Homer* puts into his mouth of a long and peaceable life. That hero whoſe very ſoul was poſſeſs'd with love of glory, and who preferr'd it to life it ſelf, lets his anger prevail over this his darling paſſion: he deſpiſes even glory, when he cannot obtain that, and enjoy his revenge at the ſame time; and rather than lay this aſide, becomes the very reverſe of himſelf.

v. 532. *My fates long ſince by* Thetis *were diſclos'd.*] It was very neceſſary for *Homer* to put the reader more than once in mind of this piece of *Achilles*'s ſtory: There is a remark of *Monſieur de la Motte* which deſerves to be tranſcrib'd entire on this occaſion.

" The generality of people who do not know *Achilles* by the " Iliad, and who upon a moſt noted fable conceive him invulne- " rable all but in the heel, find it ridiculous that he ſhould be " placed at the head of heroes; ſo true it is, that the idea of va- " lour implies it always in danger.

" Should a giant, well arm'd, fight againſt a legion of children, " whatever ſlaughter he ſhould make, the pity any one would " have for them would not turn at all to any admiration " of him, and the more he ſhould applaud his own courage, the " more one would be offended at his pride.

" *Achilles* had been in this caſe, if *Homer*, beſides all the ſupe- " riority of ſtrength he has given him, had not found the art of " putting likewiſe his greatneſs of ſoul out of all ſuſpicion.

" He has perfectly well ſucceeded, in feigning that *Achilles* " before

Here, if I ſtay, before the *Trojan* town,
Short is my date, but deathleſs my renown:
If I return, I quit immortal praiſe
For years on years, and long-extended days.
Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond miſtake,
And warn the *Greeks* the wiſer choice to make:
To quit theſe ſhores, their native ſeats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended *Troy*.
Jove's arm diſplay'd aſſerts her from the skies;
Her hearts are ſtrengthen'd, and her glories riſe.
Go then, to *Greece* report our fixt deſign;
Bid all your counſels, all your armies join,
Let all your forces, all your arts conſpire,
To ſave the ſhips, the troops, the chiefs from fire.

" before his ſetting out to the *Trojan* war, was ſure of meeting " his death. The deſtinies had propoſed to him by the mouth of " *Thetis*, the alternative of a long and happy, but obſcure life if " he ſtay'd in his own ſtate; or of a ſhort but glorious one, if he " embrac'd the vengeance of the *Greeks*. He wiſhes for glory in " contempt of death; and thus all his actions, all his motions are " ſo many proofs of his courage; he runs, in haſtening his ex- " ploits, to a death which he knows infallibly attends him; what " does it avail him, that he routs every thing almoſt without re- " ſiſtance? It is ſtill true, that he every moment encounters and " faces the ſentence of his deſtiny, and that he devotes himſelf ge- " nerouſly for glory. *Homer* was ſo ſenſible that this idea muſt " force a concern for his hero, that he ſcatters it throughout his " poem, to the end that the reader having it always in view, may " eſteem *Achilles* even for what he performs without the leaſt " danger.

One ſtratagem has fail'd, and others will:
Ye find, *Achilles* is unconquer'd ſtill.
Go then—digeſt my meſſage as ye may—
But here this night let rev'rend *Phœnix* ſtay:
His tedious toils, and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in *Pthia's* friendly land.
But whether he remain, or ſail with me,
His age be ſacred, and his will be free.
The ſon of *Peleus* ceas'd: the chiefs around
In ſilence wrapt, in conſternation drown'd,
Attend the ſtern reply. Then *Phœnix* roſe;
(Down his white beard a ſtream of ſorrow flows)
And while the fate of ſuff'ring *Greece* he mourn'd,
With accent weak theſe tender words return'd.
Divine *Achilles!* wilt thou then retire,
And leave our hoſts in blood, our fleets on fire?
If wrath ſo dreadful fill thy ruthleſs mind,
How ſhall thy friend, thy *Phœnix*, ſtay behind?

The

v. 565. *How ſhall thy friend, thy* Phœnix *ſtay behind?*] This is a ſtrong argument to perſuade *Achilles* to ſtay, but dreſs'd up in the utmoſt tenderneſs: the venerable old man riſes with tears in his eyes, and ſpeaks the language of affection. He tells him that he would not be left behind him, tho' the Gods would free him from the burthen of old age, and reſtore him to his youth: but in the midſt of ſo much fondneſs, he couches a powerful argument to perſuade him not to return home, by adding that his father ſent him

The royal *Peleus*, when from *Pthia*'s coaſt
He ſent thee early to th' *Achaian* hoſt;

Thy

to be his guide and guardian, *Phœnix* ought not therefore to follow the inclinations of *Achilles*, but *Achilles* the directions of *Phœnix*. *Euſtathius*.

" The art of this ſpeech of *Phœnix* (ſays *Dionyſius*, περὶ σχημα-
" τισμῶν lib. 1.) conſiſts in his ſeeming to agree with all that
" *Achilles* had ſaid: *Achilles*, he ſees, will depart, and he muſt go
" along with him; but in aſſigning the reaſons why he muſt go
" with him, he proves that *Achilles* ought not to depart. And
" thus while he ſeems only to ſhew his love to his pupil in his
" inability to ſtay behind him, he indeed challenges the other's
" gratitude for the benefits he had conferr'd upon him in his in-
" fancy and education. At the ſame time that he moves *Achilles*,
" he gratifies *Agamemnon*; and that this was the real deſign which
" he diſguiſed in that manner, we are inform'd by *Achilles* him-
" ſelf in the reply he makes: for *Homer*, and all the authors that
" treat of this figure, generally contrive it ſo, that the anſwers
" made to theſe kind of ſpeeches, diſcover all the art and ſtructure
" of them. *Achilles* therefore asks him,

Is it for him theſe tears are taught to flow?
For him theſe ſorrows; for my mortal foe!

" You ſee the ſcholar reveals the art and diſſimulation of his maſ-
" ter; and as *Phœnix* had recounted the benefits done him, he takes
" off that expoſtulation by promiſing to divide his empire with him,
" as may be ſeen in the ſame anſwer.

v. 567. *He ſent thee early to th' Achaian hoſt.*] *Achilles* (ſays *Euſtathius*) according to ſome of the ancients, was but twelve years old when he went to the wars of *Troy*; (ωμρὸς πάνυ) and it may be gather'd from what the Poet here relates of the education of *Achilles* under *Phœnix*, that the fable of his being tutor'd by *Chiron* was the invention of later ages, and unknown to *Homer*.

Thy youth as then in ſage debates unskill'd,
And new to perils of the direful field:
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
To ſhine in councils, and in camps to dare.
Never, ah never let me leave thy ſide!
No time ſhall part us, and no fate divide.
Not tho' the God that breath'd my life, reſtore
The bloom I boaſted, and the port I bore,
When *Greece* of old beheld my youthful flames,
(Delightful *Greece*, the land of lovely dames.)
My father, faithleſs to my mother's arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a ſtranger's charms.

try'd

Mr. *Bayle*, in his article of *Achilles*, has very well proved this. He might indeed, as he grew up, have learn'd muſick and phyſick of *Chiron*, without having him formally as his tutor; for it is plain from this ſpeech that he was put under the direction of *Phœnix* as his governor in morality, when his father ſent him along with him to the ſiege of *Troy*.

v. 578. *My father, faithleſs to my mother's arms*, &c.] *Homer* has been blamed for introducing two long ſtories into this ſpeech of *Phœnix*; this concerning himſelf is ſaid not to be in the proper place, and what *Achilles* muſt needs have heard over and over: it alſo gives (ſay they) a very ill impreſſion of *Phœnix* himſelf, and makes him appear a very unfit perſon to be a teacher of morality to the young hero. It is anſwer'd, that tho' *Achilles* might have known the ſtory before in general, 'tis probable *Phœnix* had not till now ſo preſſing an occaſion to make him diſcover the exceſs his fury had tranſported him to, in attempting the life of his own father:

the

I try'd what youth could do (at her desire)
To win the damsel, and prevent my sire.
My sire with curses loads my hated head,
And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed.
Infernal *Jove*, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthless *Proserpine*, confirm'd his vow.

Despair

the whole story tends to represent the dreadful effects of passion, and I cannot but think the example is the more forcible, as it is drawn from his own experience.

v. 581. *To win the damsel.*] The counsel that this mother gives to her son *Phœnix* is the same that *Achitophel* gave to *Absalom*, to hinder him from ever being reconcil'd to *David*. *Et ait Achitophel ad Absalom: ingredere ad concubinas patris tui, quas dimisit ad custodiendam domum, ut cum audierit omnis Israel quòd fœdaveris patrem tuum, roborentur tecum manus eorum.* 2 Sam. 14. 20. *Dacier.*

v. 581. *Prevent my sire.*] This decency of *Homer* is worthy observation, who to remove all the disagreeable ideas which might proceed from this intrigue of *Phœnix* with his father's mistress, took care to give us to understand in one single word, that *Amyntor* had no share in her affections, which makes the action of *Phœnix* the more excusable. He does it only in obedience to his mother, in order to reclaim his father, and oblige him to live like her husband: besides, his father had yet no commerce with this mistress to whose love he pretended. Had it been otherwise, and had *Phœnix* committed this sort of incest, *Homer* would neither have presented this image to his reader, nor *Peleus* chosen *Phœnix* to be governor to *Achilles*. *Dacier.*

v. 584. *Infernal* Jove.] The *Greek* is ζεὺς τε κλυτόπολος. The ancients gave the name of *Jupiter* not only to the God of heaven, but likewise to the God of hell, as is seen here, and to the God of the sea, as appears from *Æschylus*. They thereby meant to shew that one sole deity governed the world; and it was to teach the same truth, that the ancient statuaries made statues of *Jupiter*, which had three eyes. *Priam* had one of them in that manner

Deſpair and grief diſtract my lab'ring mind;
Gods! what a crime my impious heart deſign'd?
I thought (but ſome kind God that thought ſuppreſt)
To plunge the ponyard in my father's breaſt:
Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain
With pray'rs entreat me, and with force detain;

in the court of his palace, which was there in *Laomedon's* time: after the taking of *Troy*, when the *Greeks* ſhar'd the booty, it fell to *Sthenelus's* lot, who carry'd it into *Greece*. *Dacier*.

v. 586. *Deſpair and grief diſtract*, &c.] I have taken the liberty to replace here four verſes which *Ariſtarchus* had cut out, becauſe of the horror which the idea gave him of a ſon who is going to kill his father; but perhaps *Ariſtarchus's* niceneſs was too great. Theſe verſes ſeem to me neceſſary, and have a very good effect; for *Phœnix's* aim is to ſhew *Achilles*, that unleſs we overcome our wrath, we are expos'd to commit the greateſt crimes; he was going to kill his own father. *Achilles* in the ſame manner is going to let his father *Phœnix* and all the *Greeks* periſh, if he does not appeaſe his wrath. *Plutarch* relates theſe four verſes in his treatiſe of reading the poets; and adds, "*Ariſtarchus* frighten'd "at this horrible crime, cut out theſe verſes; but they do very "well in this place, and on this occaſion, *Phœnix* intending to "ſhew *Achilles* what wrath is, and to what abominable exceſſes "it hurries men, who do not obey reaſon, and who refuſe to fol-"low the counſels of thoſe that adviſe them." Theſe ſort of curtailings from *Homer*, often contrary to all reaſon, gave room to *Lucian* to feign that being in the fortunate iſlands, he ask'd *Homer* a great many queſtions. "Among other things (ſays he in his ſe-"cond book of his true hiſtory) I ask'd him whether he had made "all the verſes which had been rejected in his poem? he aſſur'd "me they were all his own, which made me laugh at the im-"pertinent and bold criticiſms of *Zenodotus* and *Ariſtarchus*, who "had retrench'd them. *Dacier*,

On

On fat of rams, black bulls. and brawny ſwine,
They daily feaſt, with draughts of fragrant wine:
Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine nights entire;
The roofs and porches flam'd with conſtant fire.
The tenth, I forc'd the gates, unſeen of all;
And favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
My travels thence thro' ſpacious *Greece* extend;
In *Pthia*'s court at laſt my labours end.
Your ſire receiv'd me, as his ſon careſs'd,
With gifts enrich'd, and with poſſeſſions bleſs'd.
The ſtrong *Dolopians* thenceforth own'd my reign,
And all the coaſt that runs along the main.
By love to thee his bounties I repay'd,
And early wiſdom to thy ſoul convey'd:
Great as thou art, my leſſons made thee brave,
A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
Thy infant breaſt a like affection ſhow'd;
Still in my arms (an ever-pleaſing load)
Or at my knee, by *Phœnix* would'ſt thou ſtand;
No food was grateful but from *Phœnix*' hand.
I paſs my watchings o'er thy helpleſs years,
The tender labours, the compliant cares;

The

v. 612. *I paſs my watchings o'er thy helpleſs years.*] In the original of this place *Phœnix* tells *Achilles*, that as he plac'd him

The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
And *Phœnix* felt a father's joys in thee:
Thy growing virtues juſtify'd my cares,
And promis'd comfort to my ſilver hairs.
Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage reſign'd;
A cruel heart ill ſuits a manly mind:
The Gods (the only great, and only wiſe)
Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and ſacrifice;
Offending man their high compaſſion wins,
And daily pray'rs atone for daily ſins.
Pray'rs are *Jove*'s daughters, of celeſtial race,
Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
With

him in his infancy on his lap, *he has often caſt up the wine he had drank upon his cloaths.* I wiſh I had any authority to ſay theſe verſes were foiſted into the text: for tho' the idea be indeed natural, it muſt be granted to be ſo very groſs as to be utterly unworthy of *Homer*; nor do I ſee any colour to ſoften the meanneſs of it: ſuch images in any age or country, muſt have been too nauſeous to be deſcribed.

v. 624. Pray'rs *are* Jove's *daughters.*] Nothing can be more beautiful, noble, or religious, than this divine allegory. We have here Goddeſſes of *Homer's* creation; he ſets before us their pictures in lively colours, and gives theſe fancy'd beings all the features that reſemble mankind who offer injuries, or have recourſe to prayers.

Prayers are ſaid to be the daughters of *Jove*, becauſe it is he who teaches man to pray. They are lame, becauſe the poſture of a ſuppliant is with his knee on the ground. They are wrinkled, becauſe thoſe that pray have a countenance of dejection and ſorrow. Their eyes are turn'd aſide, becauſe thro' an awful regard to heaven

With humble mien and with dejected eyes,
Conſtant they follow where *Injuſtice* flies:
Injuſtice ſwift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
While *Pray'rs* to heal her wrongs, move ſlow behind.
Who hears theſe daughters of almighty *Jove*,
For him they meditate to the throne above:
When man rejects the humble ſuit they make,
The fire revenges for the daughter's ſake;
From *Jove* commiſſion'd, fierce *Injuſtice* then
Deſcends, to puniſh unrelenting men.

heaven they dare not lift them thither. They follow *Ate* or *Injury*, becauſe nothing but prayers can atone for the wrongs that are offer'd by the injurious. *Ate* is ſaid to be ſtrong and ſwift of foot, *&c.* becauſe injurious Men are ſwift to do miſchief. This is the explanation of *Euſtathius*, with whom *Dacier* agrees; but when ſhe allows the circumſtance of lameneſs to intimate the cuſtom of kneeling in pray'r, ſhe forgets that this contradicts her own aſſertion in one of the remarks on Iliad 7. where ſhe affirms that no ſuch cuſtom was uſed by the *Greeks*. And indeed the contrary ſeems inferred in ſeveral places of *Homer*, particularly where *Achilles* ſays in the 608th verſe of the eleventh book, *The* Greeks *ſhall ſtand round his knees ſupplicating to him.* The phraſes in that language that ſignify praying, are deriv'd from the knee, only as it was uſual to lay hold on the knee of the perſon to whom they ſupplicated.

A modern author imagines *Ate* to ſignify *divine Juſtice*; a notion in which he is ſingle, and repugnant to all the Mythologiſts. Beſides, the whole context in this place, and the very application of the allegory to the preſent caſe of *Achilles*, whom he exhorts to be mov'd by pray'rs notwithſtanding the injuſtice done him by *Agamemnon*, makes the contrary evident.

Oh let not headlong paſſion bear the ſway;
Theſe reconciling Goddeſſes obey:
Due honours to the ſeed of *Jove* belong;
Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the ſtrong.
Were theſe not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage ſtill harbour'd in the haughty King,
Nor *Greece*, nor all her fortunes, ſhould engage
Thy friend to plead againſt ſo juſt a rage.
But ſince what honour asks, the Gen'ral ſends,
And ſends by thoſe whom moſt thy heart commends,
The beſt and nobleſt of the *Grecian* train;
Permit not theſe to ſue, and ſue in vain!

Let

v. 643. *Nor* Greece, *nor all her fortunes.*] *Plato* in the third book of his Republick condemns this paſſage, and thinks it very wrong, that *Phœnix* ſhould ſay to *Achilles*, that if they did not offer him great preſents, he would not adviſe him to be appeas'd: But I think there is ſome injuſtice in this cenſure, and that *Plato* has not rightly enter'd into the ſenſe of *Phœnix*, who does not look upon theſe preſents on the ſide of intereſt, but honour, as a mark of *Agamemnon*'s repentance, and of the ſatisfaction he is ready to make: wherefore he ſays, that honour has a mighty power over great ſpirits. *Dacier.*

v. 648. *Permit not theſe to ſue, and ſue in vain!*] In the original it is——τῶν μὴ σύ γε μοῦνον ἀλεύγεμε Μηδέ᾽ ἀάσας.——I am pretty confident there is not any manner of ſpeaking like this uſed throughout all *Homer*; nor two Subſtantives ſo odly coupled to a Verb, as μοῦνον and ἀάσας in this place. We may indeed meet with ſuch little affectations in *Ovid*,——*Amigam pariter animâque rotiſque, Expulit*——and the like; but the taſte of the ancients in general was too good for theſe fooleries. I muſt

Let me (my ſon) an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old;
Hear what our fathers were, and what their praiſes
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.
Where *Calydon* on rocky mountains ſtands,
Once fought th' *Ætolian* and *Curetian* bands;
To guard it, thoſe, to conquer, theſe advance;
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.

I muſt have leave to think the verſe Μηδ' ωδυσ, &c. an interpolation; the ſenſe is compleat without it, and the latter part of the line, περι δ' ὑπερ πυργων κεχολωσθαι ſeems but a tautology, after what is ſaid in the ſix verſes preceding.

v. 649. *Let me, my ſon, an ancient fact unfold.*] *Phœnix*, ſays *Euſtathius*, lays down, as the foundation of his ſtory, that great men in former ages were always appeas'd by preſents and entreaties; and to confirm this poſition, he brings *Meleager* as an inſtance; but it may be objected that *Meleager* was an ill choſen inſtance, being a perſon whom no entreaties could move. The ſuperſtructure of this ſtory ſeems not to agree with the foundation. *Euſtathius* ſolves the difficulty thus. *Homer* did not intend to give an inſtance of a hero's compliance with the entreaties of his friends, but to ſhew that they who did not comply, were ſufferers themſelves in the end. So that the connection of the ſtory is thus: The heroes of former times were uſed always to be won by preſents and entreaties; *Meleager* only was obſtinate, and ſuffer'd becauſe he was ſo.

The length of this narration cannot be taxed as unſeaſonable; it was at full leiſure in the tent, and in the night, a time of no action. Yet I cannot anſwer but the tale may be tedious to a modern reader. I have tranſlated it therefore with all poſſible ſhortneſs, as will appear upon a compariſon. The piece itſelf is very valuable, as it preſerves to us a part of ancient hiſtory that had otherwiſe been entirely loſt, as *Quintilian* has remark'd. The ſame great Critick commends *Homer*'s manner of relating it: *Narrare quis ſignificantius poteſt, quàm qui Curetum Ætolorumque prælia expoſuit? lib.* 10. *c.* 1.

The

The ſilver *Cynthia* bade *Contention* riſe;
In vengeance of neglected ſacrifice;
On *Oeneus'* fields ſhe ſent a monſtrous boar,
That level'd harveſts, and whole foreſts tore:
This beaſt (when many a chief his tusks had ſlain)
Great *Meleager* ſtretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his ſpoils, a new debate aroſe,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
Strong as they were, the bold *Curetes* fail'd,
While *Meleager's* thund'ring arm prevail'd:
Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breaſt,
(For rage invades the wiſeſt and the beſt.)
Curs'd by *Althæa*, to his wrath he yields,
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.
" (She from *Marpeſſa* ſprung, divinely fair,
" And matchleſs *Idas*, more than Man in war;
" The God of day ador'd the mother's charms;
" Againſt the God the father bent his arms:
" Th' afflicted pair, their ſorrows to proclaim,
" From *Cleopatra* chang'd this daughter's name,
" And call'd *Alcyone*; a name to ſhow
" The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.)

To

v. 677. Alcyone, *a name to ſhew*, &c.] It appears (ſays Madam *Dacier*) by this paſſage, and by others already obſerv'd, tha the *Greeks*

To her the chief retir'd from ſtern debate,
But found no peace from fierce *Althæa*'s hate:
Althæa's hate th' unhappy warrior drew,
Whoſe luckleſs hand his royal uncle ſlew;
She beat the ground, and call'd the pow'rs beneath
On her own ſon to wreak her brother's death:
Hell heard her curſes from the realms profound,
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.
In vain *Ætolia* her deliv'rer waits,
War ſhakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
She ſent embaſſadors, a choſen band,
Prieſts of the Gods, and elders of the land;
Beſought the chief to ſave the ſinking ſtate:
Their prayr's were urgent, and their proffers great:
(Full fifty acres of the richeſt ground,
Half paſture green, and half with vin'yards crown'd.)
His ſuppliant father, aged *Æneas*, came;
His ſiſters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful dame.

Greeks often gave names, as did the *Hebrews*, not only with reſpect to the circumſtances, but likewiſe to the accidents which happen'd to the fathers and mothers of thoſe they named: Thus *Cleopatra* is called *Alcyone*, from the lamentations of her mother. I cannot but think this digreſſion concerning *Idas* and *Marpeſſa* too long, and not very much to the purpoſe.

Althæa

Althæa ſues; His friends before him fall:
He ſtands relentleſs, and rejects 'em all.
Mean while the victor's ſhouts aſcend the ſkies;
The walls are ſcal'd; the rolling flames ariſe;
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries, and ſupplicating tears;
She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
The heroes ſlain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons raviſh'd, the whole race enſlav'd:
The warrior heard, he vanquiſh'd, and he ſav'd,
Th' *Ætolians*, long diſdain'd, now took their turn,
And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
Nor ſtay, till yonder fleets aſcend in fire:
Accept the preſents; draw thy conqu'ring ſword;
And be amongſt our guardian Gods ador'd.

v. 703. *She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,*
The heroes ſlain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons raviſh'd, the whole race enſlav'd.]

It is remarkable with what art *Homer* here in a few words ſums up the miſeries of a city taken by aſſault.

It had been unpardonable for *Cleopatra* to have made a long repreſentation to *Meleager* of theſe miſeries, when every moment that kept him from the battel could not be ſpared. It is alſo to be obſerved how perfectly the features of *Meleager* reſemble *Achilles*; they are both brave men, ambitious of glory, both of them deſcrib'd as giving victory to their ſeveral armies while they fought, and both of them implacable in their reſentment. *Euſtathius.*

Thus

Thus he: The ſtern *Achilles* thus reply'd.
My ſecond father, and my rev'rend guide!
Thy friend, believe me, no ſuch gifts demands,
And asks no honours from a mortal's hands:
Jove honours me, and favours my deſigns;
His pleaſure guides me, and his will confines:
And here I ſtay, (if ſuch his high beheſt)
While life's warm ſpirit beats within my breaſt.

Yet

v. 713. Achilles's *anſwer to* Phœnix.] The character of *Achilles* is excellently ſuſtain'd in all his ſpeeches: To *Ulyſſes* he returns a flat denial, and threatens to leave the *Trojans* ſhores in the morning: To *Phœnix* he gives a much gentler anſwer, and begins to mention *Agamemnon* with leſs diſreſpect Ἀτρεΐδῃ ἔφαϊ: After *Ajax* had ſpoken, he ſeems determined not to depart, but yet refuſes to bear arms, till it is to defend his own ſquadron. Thus *Achilles's* character is every where of a piece: He begins to yield, and not to have done ſo, would not have ſpoke him a man; to have made him perfectly inexorable had ſhewn him a monſter. Thus the Poet draws the heat of his paſſion cooling by ſlow degrees, which is very natural: To have done otherwiſe, had not been agreeable to *Achilles's* temper, nor the reader's expectation, to whom it would have been ſhocking to have ſeen him paſſing from the greateſt ſtorm of anger to a quiet calmneſs. *Euſtathius.*

v. 720. *While life's warm ſpirit beats within my breaſt.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves here with a great deal of penetration, that theſe words of *Achilles* include a ſort of oracle, which he does not underſtand: For it ſometimes happens that men full of their objects ſay things, which beſides the ſenſe natural and plain to every body, include another ſupernatural, which they themſelves do not underſtand, and which is underſtood by thoſe only who have penetration enough to ſee through the obſcurity of it. Thus *Oedipus* often ſpeaks in *Sophocles*; and holy ſcripture furniſhes us with

Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
No more moleſt me on *Atrides'* part:
Is it for him theſe tears are taught to flow,
For him theſe ſorrows? for my mortal foe?
A gen'rous friendſhip no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one reſentment glows;
One ſhould our int'reſts, and our paſſions be;
My friend muſt hate, the man that injures me.
Do this, my *Phœnix*, 'tis a gen'rous part,
And ſhare my realms, my honours, and my heart.
Let theſe return: Our voyage, or our ſtay,
Reſt undetermin'd till the dawning day.
He ceas'd; then order'd for the ſage's bed
A warmer couch with num'rous carpets ſpread.
With that, ſtern *Ajax* his long ſilence broke,
And thus, impatient, to *Ulyſſes* ſpoke.
Hence, let us go—why waſte we time in vain?
See what effect our low ſubmiſſions gain!

Lik'd

great examples of enthuſiaſtick ſpeeches, which have a double ſenſe. Here we manifeſtly ſee that *Achilles* in ſpeaking a very ſimple and common thing, foretels without thinking of it, that his abode on that fatal ſhore will equal the courſe of his life, and conſequently that he ſhall die there: and this double meaning gives a ſenſible pleaſure to the reader. *Dacier.*

v. 737. *The Speech of* Ajax.] I have before ſpoken of this ſhort ſoldier-like ſpeech of *Ajax*; *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* ſays of

Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we muſt relate,
The *Greeks* expect them, and our heroes wait.
Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
Its ſtubborn purpoſe, and his friends diſdains.
Stern, and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
On juſt atonement, we remit the deed;
A fine the ſlaughter of his ſon forgives;
The price of blood diſcharg'd, the murd'rer lives:
The haughtieſt hearts at length their rage reſign,
And gift can conquer ev'ry ſoul but thine,
The Gods that unrelenting breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
One woman-ſlave was raviſh'd from thy arms:
Lo, ſev'n are offer'd, and of equal charms.

of it. "That the perſon who entreats moſt, and with moſt liber-"ty, who ſupplicates moſt, and preſſes moſt, is *Ajax*." It is probable that *Ajax* riſes up when he ſpeaks the words as go. He does not vouchſafe to addreſs himſelf to *Achilles*, turns himſelf to *Ulyſſes*, and ſpeaks with a martial eloquence.

v. 746. *The price of blood diſcharg'd.*] It was the cuſtom for the murderer to go into baniſhment one year, but if the relations of the perſon murthered were willing, the criminal by paying them a certain fine, might buy off the exile, and remain at home. (It may not be amiſs to obſerve, that ποινη, *quaſi* φοινη, properly ſignifies a mulct paid for murder.) *Ajax* ſums up this argument with a great deal of ſtrength: We ſee, ſays he, a brother forgive the murder of his brother, a father that of his ſon: But *Achilles* will not forgive the injury offer'd him by taking away one captive woman. *Euſtathius.*

Then

Then hear, *Achilles!* be of better mind;
Revere thy roof, and to thy gueſts be kind;
And know the men, of all the *Grecian* hoſt,
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour moſt.
Oh Soul of battels, and thy people's guide!
(To *Ajax* thus the firſt of *Greeks* reply'd)
Well haſt thou ſpoke; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my ſoul's on flame:
'Tis juſt reſentment, and becomes the brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the vileſt ſlave!
Return then heroes! and our anſwer bear,
The glorious combat is no more my care;

v. 754. *Revere the roof, and to thy gueſts be kind.*] *Euſtathius* ſays there is ſome difficulty in the original of this place. Why ſhould *Ajax* draw an argument to influence *Achilles*, by putting him in mind to reverence his own habitation? The latter part of the verſe explains the former: We, ſays *Ajax*, are under your roof, and let that protect us from any ill uſage; ſend us not away from your [illegible] with contempt, who came hither as friends, as ſupplicants, as embaſſadors.

v. 739. *Well haſt thou ſpoke, but at the tyrant's name my Rage rekindles.*] We have here the true picture of an angry man, and nothing can be better imagin'd to heighten *Achilles*'s wrath; he owns that reaſon would induce him to a reconciliation, but his anger is too great to liſten to reaſon. He ſpeaks with reſpect to them, but upon mentioning *Agamemnon*, he flies into rage: Anger is in nothing more like madneſs, than that madmen will talk ſenſibly enough upon any indifferent matter; but upon the mention of the ſubject that cauſed their diſorder, they fly out into their uſual extravagance.

Not

Not till amidſt yon ſinking navy ſlain,
The blood of *Greeks* ſhall dye the ſable main;
Not till the flames, by *Hector*'s fury thrown,
Conſume your veſſels, and approach my own;
Juſt there, th' impetuous homicide ſhall ſtand,
There ceaſe his battel, and there feel our hand.
This ſaid, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
And caſt a large libation on the ground;
Then to their veſſels, thro' the gloomy ſhades,
The chiefs return; divine *Ulyſſes* leads.
Meantime *Achilles*' ſlaves prepar'd a bed,
With fleeces, carpets, and ſoft linen ſpread:
There, till the ſacred morn reſtor'd the day,
In ſlumbers ſweet the rev'rend *Phœnix* lay.
But in his inner tent, an ampler ſpace,
Achilles ſlept; and in his warm embrace
Fair *Diomede* of the *Lesbian* race.
Laſt, for *Patroclus* was the couch prepar'd,
Whoſe nightly joys the beauteous *Iphis* ſhar'd:
Achilles to his friend conſign'd her charms,
When *Scyros* fell before her conqu'ring arms.
And now th' elected chiefs whom *Greece* had ſent,
Paſs'd thro' the hoſts, and reach'd the royal tent.

Then

Then riſing all, with goblets in their hands,
The peers, and leaders of th' *Achaian* bands
Hail'd their return: *Atrides* firſt begun.
Say what ſucceſs? divine *Laertes'* ſon!
Achilles' high reſolves declare to all;
Returns the chief, or muſt our navy fall?
Great King of nations! (*Ithacus* reply'd)
Fixt is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride;
He ſlights thy friendſhip, thy propoſals ſcorns,
And thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.
To ſave our army, and our fleets to free,
Is not his care; but left to *Greece* and thee.
Your eyes ſhall view, when morning paints the sky,
Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly,
Us too he bids our oars and ſails employ,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-protected *Troy*;
For *Jove* o'erſhades her with his arm divine,
Inſpires her war, and bids her glory ſhine.
Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
Theſe ſacred heralds and great *Ajax* heard.

But

v. 806. *Such was his word.*] It may be ask'd here why *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks only of the anſwer which *Achilles* made him at firſt, and ſays nothing of the diſpoſition to which the diſcourſes of *Phœnix* and *Ajax* had brought him. The queſtion is eaſily anſwer'd; it is becauſe *Achilles* is obſtinate in his reſentment; and that, if at length a lit-

But *Phœnix* in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to tranſport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns: if other he decree,
His age is ſacred, and his choice is free.
Ulyſſes ceas'd: the great *Achaian* hoſt,
With ſorrow ſeiz'd, in conſternation loſt,
Attend the ſtern reply. *Tydides* broke
The gen'ral ſilence, and undaunted ſpoke.
Why ſhould we gifts to proud *Achilles* ſend?
Or ſtrive with pray'rs his haughty ſoul to bend?
His countrey's woes he glories to deride,
And pray'rs will burſt that ſwelling heart with pride.
Be the fierce impulſe of his rage obey'd;
Our battels let him, or deſert, or aid;

a little mov'd by *Phœnix*, and ſhaken by *Ajax*, he ſeem'd diſpos'd to take arms, it is not out of regard to the *Greeks*, but only to ſave his own ſquadron, when *Hector*, after having put the *Greeks* to the ſword, ſhall come to inſult it. Thus this inflexible man abates nothing of his rage. It is therefore prudent in *Ulyſſes* to make this report to *Agamemnon*, to the end that being put out of hopes of the aid with which he flatter'd himſelf, he may concert with the leaders of the army the meaſures neceſſary to ſave his fleet and troops. *Euſtathius.*

v. 816. *Why ſhould we gifts, &c.*] This ſpeech is admirably adapted to the character of *Diomed*, every word is animated with a martial courage, and worthy to be deliver'd by a gallant ſollier. He advis'd fighting in the beginning of the book, and continues ſtill in that opinion; and he is no more concern'd at the ſpeech of *Achilles* now, than he was at that of *Agamemnon* before.

T[illegible]

Then let him arm when *Jove* or he think fit;
That to his madneſs, or to heav'n commit:
What for our ſelves we can, is always ours;
This night, let due repaſt refreſh our pow'rs;
(For ſtrength conſiſts in ſpirits and in blood,
And thoſe are ow'd to gen'rous wine and food)
But when the roſy meſſenger of day
Strikes the blew mountains with her golden ray;
Rang'd at the ſhips, let all our ſquadrons ſhine,
In flaming arms, a long-extended line:
In the dread front let great *Atrides* ſtand,
The firſt in danger, as in high command.
Shouts of acclaim the liſt'ning heroes raiſe,
Then each to heav'n the due libations pays;
Till ſleep deſcending o'er the tents, beſtows
The grateful bleſſings of deſir'd repoſe.

TH

THE TENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Night-Adventure of *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes*.

UPON *the refuſal of* Achilles *to return to the army, the diſtreſs of* Agamemnon *is deſcrib'd in the moſt lively manner. He takes no reſt that night, but paſſes thro' the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all poſſible methods for the publick ſafety.* Menelaus, Neſtor, Ulyſſes *and* Diomed *are employ'd in raiſing the reſt of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to ſend ſcouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their poſture and diſcover their intentions.* Diomed *undertakes this hazardous enterprize, and makes choice of* Ulyſſes *for his companion. In their paſſage they ſurprize* Dolon, *whom* Hector *had ſent on a like deſign to the camp of the* Grecians. *From him they are inform'd of the ſituation of the* Trojan *and auxiliary forces, and particularly of* Rheſus *and the* Thracians *who were lately arrived. They paſs on with ſucceſs; kill* Rheſus, *with ſeveral of his officers, and ſeize the famous horſes of that Prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.*

The ſame night continues; the Scene lies in the two camps.

THE





The Greeks surprizd at Achilles's refusal, having sent Diomed
Ulysses in the night to observe the Trojan Camp. Those Princes artfu
discover the disposition of it: & kill Rhesus, whose Horses they carry Th

THE

*TENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

ALL night the Chiefs before their veſſels lay,
And loſt in ſleep the labours of the day:
All but the King; with various thoughts oppreſt,
His country's cares lay rowling in his breaſt.

As

* It is obſervable, ſays *Euſtathius*, that the Poet very artfully repairs the loſs of the laſt day by this nocturnal ſtratagem; and it is plain that ſuch a contrivance was neceſſary: the army was diſpirited: and *Achilles* inflexible; but by the ſucceſs of this adventure the ſcale is turn'd in favour of the *Grecians*.

v. 3. *All but the King*, &c.] *Homer* here with a very ſmall alteration repeats the verſes which begin the ſecond book: he

As when by light'nings *Jove*'s ætherial Pow'r
Foretels the ratling hail, or weighty ſhow'r,
Or ſends ſoft ſnows to whiten all the ſhore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
By fits one flaſh ſucceeds, as one expires,
And heav'n flames thick with momentary fires.
So burſting frequent from *Atrides'* breaſt,
Sighs following ſighs his inward fears confeſt.
Now o'er the fields, dejected, he ſurveys
From thouſand *Trojan* fires the mounting blaze;

Hears

introduces *Agamemnon* with the ſame pomp, as he did *Jupiter*; he aſcribes to the one the ſame watchfulneſs over men, as the other exercis'd over the Gods, and *Jove* and *Agamemnon* are the only perſons awake, while heaven and earth are aſleep. *Euſtathius.*

v. 7. *Or ſends ſoft ſnows.*] *Scaliger*'s criticiſm againſt this paſſage, that it never lightens and ſnows at the ſame time, is ſufficiently refuted by experience. See *Boſſu* of the Epic poem, *lib.* 3. *c.* 7. and *Barnes*'s note on this place.

v. 8. *Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar.*] There is ſomething very noble and ſublime in this image: the *vaſt jaws of war* is an expreſſion that very poetically repreſents the voraciouſneſs of war, and gives us a lively idea of an inſatiate monſter. *Euſtathius.*

v. 9. *By fits one flaſh ſucceeds*, &c.] It requires ſome skill in *Homer* to take the chief point of his ſimilitudes; he has often been miſunderſtood in that reſpect, and his compariſons have frequently been ſtrain'd to comply with the fancies of commentators. This compariſon which is brought to illuſtrate the frequency of *Agamemnon*'s ſighs, has been uſually thought to repreſent in general the groans of the King, whereas what *Homer* had in his view was only the quick ſucceſſion of them.

v. 13. *Now o'er the fields*, &c.] *Ariſtotle* anſwers a criticiſm of ſome

Hears in the paſſing wind their muſic blow,
And marks diſtinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coaſt,
Anxious he ſorrows for th' endanger'd hoſt.
He rends his hairs, in ſacrifice to *Jove*,
And ſues to him that ever lives above:
Inly he groans; while glory and deſpair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.
A thouſand cares his lab'ring breaſt revolves;
To ſeek ſage *Neſtor* now the Chief reſolves,
With him, in wholſome counſels, to debate
What yet remains to ſave th' afflicted ſtate.

ſome cenſurers of *Homer* on this place. They asked how it was that *Agamemnon*, ſhut up in his tent in the night, could ſee the *Trojan* camp at one view, and the fleet at another, as the poet repreſents it? It is (ſays *Ariſtotle*) only a metaphorical manner of ſpeech: *to caſt one's eye*, means but *to reflect upon*, or *to revolve in one's mind*: and that employ'd *Agamemnon's* thoughts in his tent, which had been the chief object of his eyes the day before.

V. 19. *He rends his hairs in ſacrifice to* Jove.] I know this action of *Agamemnon* has been taken only as a common expreſſion of grief, and ſo indeed it was render'd by *Accius*, as cited by *Tully*, *Tuſc. quæſt. l.* 3. *Scindens dolore identidem intonſam comam.* But whoever reads the context will, I believe, be of opinion, that *Jupiter* is mention'd here on no other account than as he was apply'd to in the offering of theſe hairs, in an humble ſupplication to the offended deity, who had ſo lately manifeſted his anger.

He roſe, and firſt he caſt his mantle round,
Next on his feet the ſhining ſandals bound;
A lion's yellow ſpoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed jav'lin held.
Mean while his brother, preſt with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of ſoft repoſe,

v. 27. *He roſe, and firſt he caſt his mantle round.*] I fancy it will be entertaining to the reader, to obſerve how well the poet at all times ſuits his deſcriptions to the circumſtances of the perſons: we muſt remember that this book continues the actions of one night; the whole army is now aſleep, and *Homer* takes this opportunity to give us a deſcription of ſeveral of his heroes ſuitable to their proper characters. *Agamemnon*, who is every where deſcrib'd as anxious for the good of his people, is kept awake by a fatherly care for their preſervation. *Menelaus*, for whoſe ſake the *Greeks* had ſuffer'd ſo greatly, ſhares all their misfortunes, and is reſtleſs while they are in danger. *Neſtor*, a provident, wiſe, old man, ſacrifices his reſt even in the extremity of age, to his love for his country. *Ulyſſes*, a perſon next to *Neſtor* in wiſdom, is ready at the firſt ſummons; he finds it hard, while the *Greeks* ſuffer, to compoſe himſelf to ſleep, but is eaſily awak'd to march to its defence: but *Diomed*, who is every where deſcrib'd as a daring warrior, ſleeps unconcern'd at the nearneſs of the enemy, and is not awaked without ſome violence: he is ſaid to be aſleep, but he ſleeps like a ſoldier in compleat Arms.

I could not paſs over one circumſtance in this place in relation to *Neſtor*. It is a pleaſure to ſee what care the poet takes of his favourite counſellor: he deſcribes him lying in a ſoft bed, wraps him up in a warm cloak, to preſerve his age from the coldneſs of the night; but *Diomed*, a gallant, young hero, ſleeps upon the ground in open air; and indeed every warrior is dreſs'd in arms peculiar to that ſeaſon: the hide of a lion or leopard is what they all put on, being not to engage an enemy, but to meet their friends in council. *Euſtathius.*

Laments

Laments for *Greece*; that in his cauſe before
So much had ſuffer'd, and muſt ſuffer more.
A leopard's ſpotted hide his ſhoulders ſpread;
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a jav'lin in his hand) he went
To wake *Atrides* in the royal tent.
Already wak'd, *Atrides* he deſcry'd,
His armour buckling at his veſſel's ſide.
Joyful they met; the *Spartan* thus begun:
Why puts my brother his bright armour on?
Sends he ſome ſpy, amidſt theſe ſilent hours,
To try yon' camp, and watch the *Trojan* pow'rs?
But ſay, what hero ſhall ſuſtain that task:
Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask,
Guideleſs, alone, through night's dark ſhade to go,
And 'midſt a hoſtile camp explore the foe?
To whom the King. In ſuch diſtreſs we ſtand,
No vulgar counſels our affairs demand;
Greece to preſerve, is now no eaſie part,
But asks high wiſdom, deep deſign, and art.

v. 43. *Sends he ſome ſpy?* &c.] *Menelaus* in this place ſtarts a deſign, which is afterwards propoſed by *Neſtor* in council; the poet knew that the project would come with greater weight from the age of the one, than from the youth of the other; and that the valiant would be ready to execute a deſign, which ſo venerable a counſellor had form'd. *Euſtathius.*

For *Jove* averſe our humble pray'r denies,
And bows his head to *Hector*'s ſacrifice.
What eye has witneſs'd, or what ear believ'd,
In one great day, by one great arm atchiev'd
Such wond'rous deeds as *Hector*'s hand has done,
And we beheld, the laſt revolving ſun?
What honours the belov'd of *Jove* adorn!
Sprung from no God, and of no Goddeſs born.

v. 57. *Such wondrous deeds as* Hector's *hand*, &c.] We hear *Agamemnon* in this place launching into the praiſes of a gallant enemy; but if any one think that he raiſes the actions of *Hector* too high, and ſets him above *Achilles* himſelf, this objection will vaniſh if he conſiders that he commends him as the braveſt of mere men, but ſtill he is not equal to *Achilles* who was deſcended from a goddeſs. *Agamemnon* undoubtedly had *Achilles* in his thoughts when he ſays,

Sprung from no God, &c.

But his anger will not let him even name the man whom he thus obliquely praiſes.

Euſtathius proceeds to obſerve, that the poet aſcribes the gallant exploits of *Hector* to his piety; and had he not been favour'd by *Jove*, he had not been thus victorious.

He alſo remarks that there is a double tautology in this ſpeech of *Agamemnon*, as δυὼ καὶ δυωκαίδεκ, μύρια μυρίσασθαι, and ἔρδε ἔρρεξε. This proceeds from the wonder which the King endeavours to expreſs at the greatneſs of *Hector*'s actions: he labours to make his words anſwer the great idea he had conceiv'd of them; and while his mind dwells upon the ſame object, he falls into the ſame manner of expreſſing it. This is very natural to a perſon in his circumſtances, whoſe thoughts are as it were pent up, and ſtruggle for an utterance.

Yet

Yet ſuch his acts, as *Greeks* unborn ſhall tell,
And curſe the battel where their fathers fell.
Now ſpeed thy haſty courſe along the fleet,
There call great *Ajax*, and the Prince of *Crete*;
Our ſelf to hoary *Neſtor* will repair;
To keep the guards on duty, be his care;
(For *Neſtor*'s influence beſt that quarter guides,
Whoſe ſon, with *Merion*, o'er the watch preſides.)
To whom the *Spartan*: Theſe thy orders born,
Say, ſhall I ſtay, or with diſpatch return?
There ſhalt thou ſtay (the King of men reply'd)
Elſe may we miſs to meet without a guide,
The paths ſo many, and the camp ſo wide.
Still, with your voice, the ſlothful ſoldiers raiſe,
Urge by their father's fame, their future praiſe,
Forget we now our ſtate and lofty birth;
Not titles here, but works muſt prove our worth.
To labour is the lot of man below;
And when *Jove* gave us life, he gave us woe.

v. 73. *The paths ſo many*, &c.] 'Tis plain from this verſe, as well as from many others, that the art of fortification was in ſome degree of perfection in *Homer*'s days. here are lines drawn, that traverſe the camp ev'ry way; the ſhips are drawn up in the manner of a rampart, and ſally ports made at proper diſtances, that they might without difficulty either retire or iſſue out, as the occaſion ſhould require. *Euſtathius.*

This

This ſaid, each parted to his ſev'ral cares;
The King to *Neſtor*'s ſable ſhip repairs;
The ſage protector of the *Greeks* he found
Stretch'd in his bed, with all his arms around;
The various-colour'd ſcarf, the ſhield he rears,
The ſhining helmet, and the pointed ſpears;
The dreadful weapons of the warriors rage,
That, old in arms, diſdain'd the peace of age.
Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary Monarch rais'd his eyes, and ſaid,
What art thou, ſpeak, that on deſigns unknown,
While others ſleep, thus range the camp alone?
Seek'ſt thou ſome friend or nightly centinel?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpoſe tell.

v. 92. *Seek'ſt thou ſome friend or nightly centinel?*] It has been thought that *Neſtor* asks this queſtion upon the account of his ſon *Thraſymedes*, who commanded the guard that night. He ſeems to be under ſome apprehenſion leſt he ſhould have remitted the watch. And it may alſo be gather'd from this paſſage, that in thoſe times the uſe of the watch-word was unknown; becauſe *Neſtor* is oblig'd to crowd ſeveral queſtions together, before he can learn whether *Agamemnon* be a friend or an enemy. The ſhortneſs of the queſtions agrees admirably with the occaſion upon which they were made; it being neceſſary that *Neſtor* ſhould be immediately inform'd who he was, that paſs'd along the camp: if a ſpy, that he might ſtand upon his guard; if a friend, that he might not cauſe an alarm to be given to the army, by multiplying queſtions. *Euſtathius.*

O ſon

O ſon of *Neleus* (thus the King rejoin'd)
Pride of the *Greeks*, and glory of thy kind
Lo here the wretched *Agamemnon* ſtands,
Th' unhappy Gen'ral of the *Grecian* bands;
Whom *Jove* decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes, that only with his life ſhall end!
Scarce can my knees theſe trembling limbs ſuſtain,
And ſcarce my heart ſupport its load of pain.
No taſte of ſleep theſe heavy eyes have known;
Confus'd, and ſad, I wander thus alone,
With fears diſtracted, with no fix'd deſign;
And all my people's miſeries are mine.
If ought of uſe thy waking thoughts ſuggeſt,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy ſoul of reſt)
Impart thy counſel, and aſſiſt thy friend:
Now let us jointly to the trench deſcend,
At ev'ry gate the fainting guard excite,
Tir'd with the toils of day, and watch of night:

v. 96. *Lo here the wretched* Agamemnon *ſtands.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that *Agamemnon* here paints his diſtreſs in a very pathetical manner: while the meaneſt ſoldier is at reſt, the General wanders about diſconſolate, and is ſuperior now in nothing ſo much as in ſorrow; but this ſorrow proceeds not from a baſe abject ſpirit, but from a generous diſpoſition; he is not anxious for the loſs of his own glory, but for the ſufferings of his people: it is a noble ſorrow, and ſprings from a commendable tenderneſs and humanity.

Elſe may the ſudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy ſhade.
To him thus *Neſtor*. Truſt the Pow'rs above,
Nor think proud *Hector's* hopes confirm'd by *Jove*:
How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
And the wiſe counſels of th' eternal mind?
Audacious *Hector*, if the Gods ordain
That great *Achilles* riſe and rage again,
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain?
Lo faithful *Neſtor* thy command obeys;
The care is next our other Chiefs to raiſe:
Ulyſſes, *Diomed* we chiefly need;
Meges for ſtrength, *Oileus* fam'd for ſpeed.
Some other be diſpatch'd, of nimbler feet,
To thoſe tall ſhips, remoteſt of the fleet,
Where lie great *Ajax*, and the King of *Crete*.
To rouſe the *Spartan* I my ſelf decree;
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
Yet muſt I tax his ſloth, that claims no ſhare
With his great brother in this martial care:
Him it behov'd to ev'ry chief to ſue,
Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you;
For ſtrong neceſſity our toils demands,
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.

To whom the King! With rev'rence we allow
Thy juſt rebukes, yet learn to ſpare them now.
My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind,
He ſeems remiſs, but bears a valiant mind;
Thro' too much def'rence to our ſov'reign ſway,
Content to follow when we lead the way.
But now, our ills induſtrious to prevent,
Long e'er the reſt, he roſe, and ſought my tent.
The chiefs you nam'd, already, at his call,
Prepare to meet us near the navy-wall;
Aſſembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night-guards, our choſen council waits.
Then none (ſaid *Neſtor*) ſhall his rule withſtand,
For great examples juſtify command.
With that the venerable warrior roſe;
The ſhining greaves his manly legs incloſe;

v. 138. *My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind.*] *Agamemnon* is every where repreſented as the greateſt example of brotherly affection: and he at all times defends *Menelaus*, but never with more addreſs than now: *Neſtor* had accus'd *Menelaus* of ſloth; the King is his advocate, but pleads his excuſe only in part: he does not entirely acquit him, becauſe he would not contradict ſo wiſe a man as *Neſtor*; nor does he condemn him, becauſe his brother at this time was not guilty; but he very artfully turns the imputation of *Neſtor* to the praiſe of *Menelaus*; and affirms, that what might ſeem to be remiſsneſs in his character, was only a deference to his authority, and that his ſeeming inactivity was but an unwillingneſs to act without command. *Euſtathius.*

His

His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the ſofteſt wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then ruſhing from his tent, he ſnatch'd in haſte
His ſteely lance, that lighten'd as he paſt.
The camp he travers'd thro' the ſleeping crowd,
Stopp'd at *Ulyſſes'* tent, and call'd aloud.
Ulyſſes, ſudden as the voice was ſent,
Awakes, ſtarts up, and iſſues from his tent.
What new diſtreſs, what ſudden cauſe of fright
Thus leads you wandring in the ſilent night?
O prudent chief! (the *Pylian* ſage reply'd)
Wiſe as thou art, be now thy wiſdom try'd:
Whatever means of ſafety can be ſought,
Whatever counſels can inſpire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;
All, all depend on this important night!
He heard, return'd, and took his painted ſhield:
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.
Without his tent, bold *Diomed* they found,
All ſheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:
Each ſunk in ſleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his boſſy ſhield.

* A wood

A wood of ſpears ſtood by, that fixt upright,
Shot from their flaſhing points a quiv'ring light.
A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
A ſplendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then, with his foot old *Neſtor* gently ſhakes
The ſlumb'ring chief, and in theſe words awakes.
Riſe, ſon of *Tydeus!* to the brave and ſtrong
Reſt ſeems inglorious, and the night too long.
But ſleep'ſt thou now? when from yon' hill the foe
Hangs o'er the fleet, and ſhades our walls below?
At this, ſoft ſlumber from his eyelids fled;
The warrior ſaw the hoary chief, and ſaid.
Wond'rous old man! whoſe ſoul no reſpite knows,
Tho' years and honours bid thee ſeek repoſe.

v. 174. *A wood of ſpears ſtood by,* &c.] The picture here given us of *Diomed* ſleeping in his arms, with his ſoldiers about him, and the ſpears ſticking upright in the earth, has a near reſemblance to that in the firſt book of *Samuel*, ch. 26. v. 7. Saul *lay ſleeping within the trench, and his ſpear ſtuck in the ground at his bolſter; but* Abner *and the people lay round about him.*

v. 182. *From yon' hill the foe,* &c.] It is neceſſary, if we would form an exact idea of the battels of *Homer*, to carry in our minds the place where each action was fought. It will therefore be proper to enquire where that eminence ſtood, upon which the *Trojans* encamp'd this night. *Euſtathius* is inclinable to believe it was *Callicolone*, (the ſituation of which you will find in the map of *Homer's* battels) but it will appear from what *Dolon* ſays, v. 487. (of *Hector's* being encamp'd at the monument of *Ilus*) that this eminence muſt be the *Tumulus* on which that monument was ſituate, and ſo the old Scholiaſt rightly explains it.

Let

Let younger *Greeks* our ſleeping warriors wake;
Ill fits thy age theſe toils to undertake.
My friend, (he anſwer'd) gen'rous is thy care,
Theſe toils, my ſubjects and my ſons might bear,
Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conſpire
To eaſe a ſov'reign, and relieve a ſire.
But now the laſt deſpair ſurrounds our hoſt;
No hour muſt paſs, no moment muſt be loſt;
Each ſingle *Greek*, in this concluſive ſtrife,
Stands on the ſharpeſt edge of death or life:
Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age;
Succeed to theſe my cares, and rouze the reſt;
He ſerves me moſt, who ſerves his countrey beſt.

v. 194. *But now the laſt deſpair ſurrounds our hoſt.*] The different behaviour of *Neſtor* upon the ſame occaſion, to different perſons, is worthy obſervation: *Agamemnon* was under a concern and dejection of ſpirit from the danger of his army: To raiſe his courage, *Neſtor* gave him hopes of ſucceſs, and repreſented the ſtate of affairs in the moſt favourable view. But he applies himſelf to *Diomed*, who is at all times enterprizing and incapable of deſpair, in a far different manner: He turns the darkeſt ſide to him, and gives the worſt proſpect of their condition. This conduct (ſays *Euſtathius*) ſhews a great deal of prudence: 'tis the province of wiſdom to encourage the diſhearten'd with hopes, and to qualify the forward courage of the daring with fears; that the valour of the one may not ſink thro' deſpair, nor that of the other fly out into raſhneſs.

This

This ſaid, the hero o'er his ſhoulders flung
A lion's ſpoils, that to his ankles hung;
Then ſeiz'd his pond'rous lance, and ſtrode along.
Meges the bold, with *Ajax* fam'd for ſpeed,
The warrior rouz'd, and to th' entrenchments led.
And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
A wakeful ſquadron, each in arms prepar'd:
Th' unweary'd watch their liſt'ning leaders keep,
And couching cloſe, repel invading ſleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train;

When

v. 207. *And now the Chiefs approach the nightly guard.*] It is uſual in poetry to paſs over little circumſtances, and carry on the greater. *Menelaus* in this book was ſent to call ſome of the leaders; the poet has too much judgment to dwell upon the trivial particulars of his performing his meſſage, but lets us know by the ſequel that he had performed it. It would have clogg'd the poetical narration to have told us how *Menelaus* waked the heroes to whom he was diſpatched, and had been but a repetition of what the Poet had fully deſcrib'd before: He therefore (ſays the ſame author) drops theſe particularities, and leaves them to be ſupply'd by the imagination of the reader. 'Tis ſo in Painting, the Painter does not always draw at the full length, but leaves what is wanting to be added by the fancy of the beholder.

v. 211. *So faithful dogs,* &c.] This ſimile is in all its parts juſt to the deſcription it is meant to illuſtrate. The dogs repreſent the watch, the flock the *Greeks*, the fold their camp, and the wild beaſt that invades them, *Hector*. The place, poſture, and circumſtance, are painted with the utmoſt life and nature.

Euſtathius takes notice of one particular in this deſcription, which ſhews the manner in which their centinels kept the

guard.

When the gaunt lioneſs, with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold:
Thro' breaking woods her ruſtling courſe they hear;
Loud, and more loud, the clamours ſtrike their ear
Of hounds and men; they ſtart, they gaze around;
Watch ev'ry ſide, and turn to ev'ry ſound.
Thus watch'd the *Grecians*, cautious of ſurprize,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
Each ſtep of paſſing feet encreas'd th' affright;
And hoſtile *Troy* was ever full in ſight.
Neſtor with Joy the wakeful band ſurvey'd,
And thus accoſted thro' the gloomy ſhade.
'Tis well, my ſons! your nightly care employ,
Elſe muſt our hoſt become the ſcorn of *Troy*.
Watch thus, and *Greece* ſhall live——The hero ſaid;
Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.

His

guard. The Poet tells us, that they *ſate down with their arms in their hands.* I think that this was not ſo prudent a method as is now uſed; it being almoſt impoſſible for a man that ſtands, to drop aſleep, whereas one that is ſeated may eaſily be overpower'd by the fatigue of a long watch.

v. 228. *Then o'r the trench the following cheiftains led.*] The reaſon why *Neſtor* did not open the council within the trenches, was with a deſign to encourage the guards, and thoſe whom he intended to ſend to enter the *Trojan* camp. It would have appear'd unreaſonable to ſend others over the entrenchments upon a hazardous enterprize, and not to have dared himſelf to ſet a foot beyond them.

His ſon, and godlike *Merion* march'd behind,
(For theſe the Princes to their council join'd)
The trenches paſt, th' aſſembl'd Kings around
In ſilent ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.
A place there was, yet undefil'd with gore,
The ſpot where *Hector* ſtop'd his rage before,
When night deſcending, from his vengeful hand
Repriev'd the relicks of the *Grecian* band:
(The plain beſide with mangled corps was ſpread,
And all his progreſs mark'd by heaps of dead.)
There ſat the mournful Kings: when *Neleus'* ſon
The council opening, in theſe words begun.
Is there (ſaid he) a chief ſo greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country ſave?

Lives

them. This alſo could not fail of inflaming the courage of the *Grecian* ſpies, who would know themſelves not to be far from aſſiſtance, while ſo many of the princes were paſſed over the ditch as well as they. *Euſtathius.*

v. 241. *Is there (ſaid he) a chief ſo greatly brave?*] *Neſtor* propoſes his deſign of ſending ſpies into the *Trojan* army with a great deal of addreſs: He begins with a general ſentence, and will not chuſe any one hero, for fear of diſguſting the reſt: Had *Neſtor* named the perſon, he would have paid him a complement that was ſure to be attended with the hazard of his life; and that perſon might have believ'd that *Neſtor* expoſed him to a danger, which his honour would not let him decline; while the reſt might have reſented ſuch a partiality, which would have ſeem'd to give the preference to another before them. It therefore was wiſdom in *Neſtor* to propoſe the deſign in general terms, whereby all the gal-

lant

Lives there a man, who ſingly dares to go
To yonder camp, or ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe?
Or favour'd by the night, approach ſo near,
Their ſpeech, their counſels, and deſigns to hear?
If to beſiege our navies they prepare,
Or *Troy* once more muſt be the ſeat of war?
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
And paſs unharm'd the dangers of the night;
What fame were his thro' all ſucceeding days,
While *Phœbus* ſhines, or men have tongues to praiſe?
What gifts his grateful country would beſtow?
What muſt not *Greece* to her deliv'rer owe?
A ſable ewe each leader ſhould provide,
With each a ſable lambkin by her ſide;

lant men that offer'd themſelves ſatisfy'd their honour, by being willing to ſhare the danger with *Diomed*; and it was no diſgrace to be left behind, after they had offer'd to hazard their lives for their country. *Euſtathius.*

v. 244. *Or ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe?*] It is worthy obſervation with how much caution *Neſtor* opens this deſign, and with how much courage *Diomed* accepts it. *Neſtor* forms it with coolneſs but *Diomed* embraces it with warmth and reſolution. *Neſtor* only propoſes that ſome man would approach the enemy and intercept ſome ſtraggling *Trojan*, but *Diomed* offers to penetrate the very camp. *Neſtor* was afraid leſt no one ſhould undertake it: *Diomed* overlooks the danger, and preſents himſelf, as willing to march againſt the whole army of *Troy*. *Euſtathius.*

At ev'ry rite his ſhare ſhould be increas'd,
And his the foremoſt honours of the feaſt.
Fear held them mute: Alone, untaught to fear,
Tydides ſpoke——The man you ſeek, is here.
Thro' yon' black camps to bend my dang'rous way,
Some God within commands, and I obey.
But let ſome other choſen warrior join,
To raiſe my hopes, and ſecond my deſign.
By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great diſcoveries made;
The wiſe new prudence from the wiſe acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.
Contending leaders at the word aroſe:
Each gen'rous breaſt with emulation glows:
So brave a task each *Ajax* ſtrove to ſhare,
Bold *Merion* ſtrove, and *Neſtor*'s valiant heir;
The *Spartan* wiſh'd the ſecond place to gain,
And great *Ulyſſes* wiſh'd, nor wiſh'd in vain.
Then thus the King of Men the conteſt ends:
Thou firſt of warriors, and thou beſt of friends,
Undaunted *Diomed!* what chief to join
In this great enterprize, is only thine.

Juſt be thy choice, without affection made,
To birth, or office, no reſpect be paid;
Let worth determine here. The Monarch ſpake,
And inly trembled for his brother's ſake.
Then thus (the God-like *Diomed* rejoin'd)
My choice declares the impulſe of my mind.
How can I doubt, while great *Ulyſſes* ſtands
To lend his counſels, and aſſiſt our hands?
A chief, whoſe ſafety is *Minerva*'s care;
So fam'd, ſo dreadful, in the works of war:
Bleſt in his conduct, I no aid require,
Wiſdom like his might paſs thro' flames of fire.

It

v. 280. *To birth, or office, no reſpect be paid.*] *Euſtathius* remarks that *Agamemnon* artfully ſteals away his brother from danger; the fondneſs he bears to him makes him think him unequal to ſo bold an enterprize, and prefer his ſafety to his glory. He farther adds, that the Poet intended to condemn that faulty modeſty which makes one ſometimes prefer a nobleman before a perſon of more real worth. To be greatly born is an happineſs, but no merit; whereas perſonal virtues ſhew a man worthy of that greatneſs to which he is not born.

It appears from hence, how honourable it was of old to go upon theſe parties by night, or undertake thoſe offices which are now only the task of common ſoldiers. *Gideon* in the book of *Judges* (as *Dacier* obſerves) goes as a ſpy into the camp of *Midian*, tho' he was at that time General of the *Iſraelites*.

v. 289. *Bleſt in his conduct.*] There requir'd ſome addreſs in *Diomed* to make his choice without offending the *Grecian* Princes; each of them might think it an indignity to be refus'd ſuch a place of honour. *Diomed* therefore chuſes *Ulyſſes* not becauſe

It fits thee not, before theſe chiefs of fame,
(Reply'd the ſage) to praiſe me, or to blame:
Praiſe from a friend, or cenſure from a foe,
Are loſt on hearers that our merits know.
But let us haſte——Night rolls the hours away,
The red'ning Orient ſhews the coming day,

becauſe he is braver than the reſt, but becauſe he is wiſer. This part of his character was allow'd by all the leaders of the army; and none of them thought it a diſparagement to themſelves as they were men of valour, to ſee the firſt place given to *Ulyſſes* in point of wiſdom. No doubt but the Poet by cauſing *Diomed* to make this choice, intended to inſinuate that valour ought always to be temper'd with wiſdom; to the end that what is deſign'd with prudence, may be executed with reſolution. *Euſtathius.*

v. 291. *It fits thee not to praiſe me, or to blame.*] The modeſty of *Ulyſſes* in this paſſage is very remarkable; tho' undoubtedly he deſerved to be praiſed, yet he interrupts *Diomed* rather than he would be a hearer of his own commendation. What *Diomed* ſpoke in praiſe of *Ulyſſes*, was utter'd to juſtify his choice of him to the leaders of the army; otherwiſe the praiſe he had given him, would have been no better than flattery. *Euſtathius.*

v. 295. ——————*Night rolls the hours away,*
The ſtars ſhine fainter on th' aetherial plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.]

It has been objected that *Ulyſſes* is guilty of a threefold tautology, when every word he utter'd ſhews the neceſſity of being conciſe: If the night was nigh ſpent, there was the leſs time to loſe in tautologies. But this is ſo far from being a fault, that it is a beauty: *Ulyſſes* dwells upon the ſhortneſs of the time before the day appears, in order to urge *Diomed* to the greater ſpeed in proſecuting the deſign. *Euſtathius.*

The ſtars ſhine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
And of night's empire but a third remains.
Thus having ſpoke, with gen'rous ardour preſt,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they dreſt.
A two-edg'd faulchion *Thraſymed* the brave,
And ample buckler, to *Tydides* gave:
Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
Short of its creſt, and with no plume o'erſpread;
(Such

v. 298. *But a third remains.*] One ought to take notice with how much exactneſs *Homer* proportions his incidents to the time of action: Theſe two books take up no more than the compaſs of one night; and this deſign could not have been executed in any other part of it. The Poet had before told us, that all the plain was enlightned by the fires of *Troy*, and conſequently no ſpy could paſs over to their camp, till they were almoſt ſunk and extinguiſh'd, which could not be till near the morning.

'Tis obſervable that the Poet divides the night into three parts, from whence we may gather, that the *Grecians* had three watches during the night: The firſt and ſecond of which were over, when *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes* ſet out to enter the enemy's camp. *Euſtathius.*

v. 301. *A two-edg'd faulchion* Thraſymed *the brave*, &c.] It is a very impertinent remark of *Scaliger*, that *Diomed* ſhould not have gone from his tent without a ſword. The expedition he now goes upon could not be foreſeen by him at the time he roſe: He was awak'd of a ſudden, and ſent in haſte to call ſome of the Princes: Beſides, he went but to council, and even then carry'd his ſpear with him, as *Homer* had already inform'd us. I think if one were to ſtudy the art of cavilling, there would be more occaſion to blame *Virgil* for what *Scaliger* praiſes him, giving a ſword to *Euryalus*, when he had one before. *Æn.* 9. v. 303.

v. 303. *Then in a leathern helm.*] It may not be improper to obſerve how conformably to the deſign, the Poet arms theſe

(Such as by youths unus'd to arms, are worn;
No ſpoils enrich it, and no ſtuds adorn.)
Next him *Ulyſſes* took a ſhining ſword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows ſtor'd:
A well-prov'd caſque with leather braces bound
(Thy gift, *Meriones*) his temples crown'd:
Soft wool within; without, in order ſpread,
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
This from *Amyntor*, rich *Ormenus'* ſon,
Autolychus by fraudful rapine won,

And

two heroes: *Ulyſſes* has a bow and arrows, that he might be able to wound the enemy at a diſtance, and ſo retard his flight till he could overtake him; and for fear of a diſcovery, *Diomed* is arm'd with an helmet of leather, that the glittering of it might not betray him. *Euſtathius.*

There is ſome reſemblance in this whole ſtory to that of *Niſus* and *Euryalus* in *Virgil*: and as the heroes are here ſucceſsful, and in *Virgil* unfortunate, it was perhaps as great an inſtance of *Virgil's* judgment to deſcribe the unhappy youth in a glittering helmet, which occaſion'd his diſcovery, as it was in *Homer* to arm his ſucceſsful one in the contrary manner.

v. 309. *A well-prov'd caſque.*] Mr. *Barnes* has a pretty remark on this place, that it was probably from this deſcription, ὅτι ἀρίφρων, that the ancient Painters and tragic Poets conſtantly repreſented *Ulyſſes* with the *Pileus* on his head; but this particularity could not be preſerv'd with any grace in the tranſlation.

v. 313. *This from* Amyntor, &c.] The ſucceſſion of this helmet deſcending from one hero to another, is imitated by *Virgil* in the ſtory of *Niſus* and *Euryalus*.

And gave *Amphidamas*; from him the prize
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of ſocial ties;
The helmet next by *Merion* was poſſeſs'd,
And now *Ulyſſes'* thoughtful temples preſs'd.
Thus ſheath'd in arms, the council they forſake,
And dark thro' paths oblique their progreſs take.
Juſt then, in ſign ſhe favour'd their intent,
A long-wing'd heron great *Minerva* ſent;
This, tho' ſurrounding ſhades obſcur'd their view,
By the ſhrill clang and whiſtling wings, they knew.
As from the right ſhe ſoar'd, *Ulyſſes* pray'd,
Hail'd the glad omen, and addreſs'd the maid.
O daugh-

Enryalus phaleras Rhamnetis, & aurea bullis
Cingula; Tiburti Remulo ditiſſimus olim
Quæ mittit dona, hoſpitio cùm jungeret abſens,
Cædicus; ille ſuo moriens dat habere nepoti:
Poſt mortem bello Rutuli pugnâque potiti.

It was anciently a cuſtom to make theſe military preſents to brave adventurers. So *Jonathan* in the firſt book of *Samuel, ſtript himſelf of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to* David; *and his garments, even to his ſword, and his bow, and his girdle.* ch. 18. v. 4.

v. 326. Ulyſſes—*Hail'd the glad omen.*] This paſſage ſufficiently juſtifies *Diomed* for his choice of *Ulyſſes*: *Diomed*, who was moſt renown'd for valour, might have given a wrong interpretation to this omen, and ſo have been diſcourag'd from proceeding in the attempt. For tho' it really ſignify'd, that as the bird was not ſeen, but only heard by the ſound of its wings, ſo they ſhould not be diſcover'd by the *Trojans*, but perform actions which all *Troy* ſhould hear with ſorrow; yet on the other hand it might imply, that as they diſcovered the bird by the noiſe of its wings, ſo

they

O daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
O thou! for ever preſent in my way,
Who, all my motions, all my toils ſurvey!
Safe may we paſs beneath the gloomy ſhade,
Safe by thy ſuccour to our ſhips convey'd;
And let ſome deed this ſignal night adorn,
To claim the tears of *Trojans* yet unborn.
Then godlike *Diomed* preferr'd his pray'r:
Daughter of *Jove*, unconquer'd *Pallas!* hear.
Great Queen of arms, whoſe favour *Tydeus* won,
As thou defend'ſt the ſire, defend the ſon.
When on *Æſopus'* banks the banded pow'rs
Of *Greece* he left, and ſought the *Theban* tow'rs,
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful ſhow.
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy ſhield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be preſent, Oh celeſtial maid!
So ſtill continue to the race thine aid!

they ſhould be betray'd by the noiſe they ſhould make in the *Trojan* army. The reaſon why *Pallas* does not ſend the bird that is ſacred to herſelf, but the heron, is becauſe it is a bird of prey, and denoted that they ſhould ſpoil the *Trojans*. *Euſtathius.*

A youthful ſteer ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
Untam'd, unconſcious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with ſpreading horns,
Whoſe taper tops refulgent gold adorns.
The Heroes pray'd, and *Pallas* from the ſkies,
Accords their vow, ſucceeds their enterprize.
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With dreadful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Thro' the black horrors of th' enſanguin'd plain,
Thro' duſt, thro' blood, o'er arms, and hills of ſlain.
Nor leſs bold *Hector*, and the ſons of *Troy*,
On high deſigns the wakeful hours employ;

Th' af-

v. 356. *Thro' duſt, thro' blood,* &c.] *Xenophon* (ſays *Euſtathius*) has imitated this paſſage; but what the poet gives us in one line, the hiſtorian protracts into ſeveral ſentences. Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἐπαύσατο ἡ μάχη, πᾶσι ἦν ἰδεῖν, τὴν μὲν γῆν αἱματι πεφυρμένην, &c. "*When the battel was over, one might behold thro' the whole extent of the field, the ground dy'd red with blood, the bodies of friends and enemies ſtrath'd over each other, the ſhields pierc'd, the ſpears broken, and the drawn ſwords, ſome ſcatter'd on the earth, ſome plung'd in the bodies of the ſlain, and ſome yet graſp'd in the hands of the ſoldiers.*

v. 357. *Nor leſs bold* Hector, &c.] It is the remark of *Euſtathius*, that *Homer* ſends out the *Trojan* ſpy in this place in a very different manner from the *Grecian* ones before. Having been very particular in deſcribing the counſel of the *Greeks*, he avoids tiring the reader here with parallel circumſtances, and paſſes it in general terms. In the firſt, a wiſe old man propoſes the adventure with an air of deference; in the ſecond, a brave young man with an air of authority. The one promiſes a ſmall gift, but very honourable and certain; the other a great one, but uncertain and leſs honourable, becauſe 'tis given as a reward. So that *Diomed*

Th' aſſembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd;
Who thus the counſels of his breaſt propos'd.
What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture for a rich reward?
Of yonder fleet a bold diſcov'ry make,
What watch they keep, and what reſolves they take?
If now ſubdu'd they meditate their flight,
And ſpent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that ſhall pleaſe him moſt,
Of all the plunder of the vanquiſh'd hoſt;
His the fair ſteeds that all the reſt excel,
And his the glory to have ſerv'd ſo well.
A youth there was among the tribes of *Troy*,
Dolon his name, *Eumedes'* only Boy.

(Five

med and *Ulyſſes* are inſpired with the love of glory, *Dolon* is poſſeſs'd with a thirſt of gain: they proceed with a ſage and circumſpect valour, he with raſhneſs and vanity; they go in conjunction, he alone; they croſs the fields out of the road, he follows the common track. In all there is a contraſte that is admirable, and a moral that ſtrikes every reader at firſt ſight.

v. 372. Dolon *his name.*] 'Tis ſcarce to be conceiv'd with what conciſeneſs the poet has here given us the name, the fortunes, the pedigree, the office, the ſhape, the ſwiftneſs of *Dolon*. He ſeems to have been eminent for nothing ſo much as for his wealth, tho' undoubtedly he was by place one of the firſt rank in *Troy*: *Hector* ſummons him to this aſſembly amongſt the chiefs of *Troy*; nor was he unknown to the *Greeks*, for *Diomed* immediately after he had ſeiz'd him, calls him by his name. Perhaps being an herald, he had frequently paſs'd between the armies in the execution of his office.

(Five girls beſide the rev'rend herald told)
Rich was the ſon in braſs, and rich in gold;
Not bleſt by nature with the charms of face,
But ſwift of foot, and matchleſs in the race.
Hector! (he ſaid) my courage bids me meet
This high atchievement, and explore the fleet:
Bnt firſt exalt thy ſceptre to the skies,
And ſwear to grant me the demanded prize;
Th' im-

The ancients obſerv'd upon this place, that it was the office of *Dolon* which made him offer himſelf to *Hector*. The ſacred character gave him hopes that they would not violate his perſon, ſhould he happen to be taken; and his riches he knew were ſufficient to purchaſe his liberty; beſides all which advantages, he had hopes from his ſwiftneſs to eſcape any purſuers. *Euſtathius.*

v. 375. *Not bleſt by nature with the charms of face.*] The original is,

Ὃς δή τοι εἶδος μὲν ἔην οὐκ ἀγαθός, ἀλλὰ ποδώκης.

Which ſome ancient criticks thought to include a contradiction, becauſe the man who is ill-ſhap'd can hardly be ſwift in running; taking the word εἶδος as apply'd in general to the air of the whole perſon. But *Ariſtotle* acquaints us that word was as proper in regard to the face only, and that it was uſual with the *Cretans* to call a man with a handſome face, εὐειδὴς. So that *Dolon* might want a good face, and yet be well-ſhap'd enough to make an excellent racer. *Poet. c.* 26.

v. 380. *Swear to grant me,* &c.] It is evident from this whole narration, that *Dolon* was a man of no worth or courage; his coveteuſneſs ſeems to be the ſole motive of his undertaking this exploit: and whereas *Diomed* neither deſir'd any reward, nor when promis'd requir'd any aſſurance of it; *Dolon* demands an oath, and will

Th' immortal courſers, and the glitt'ring car,
That bear *Pelides* thro' the ranks of war.
Encourag'd thus, no idle ſcout I go,
Fulfil thy wiſh, their whole intention know,
Ev'n to the royal tent purſue my way,
And all their counſels, all their aims betray.
The chief then heav'd the golden ſceptre high,
Atteſting thus the monarch of the ſky.

will not truſt the promiſe of *Hector*; he every where diſcovers a baſe ſpirit, and by the ſequel it will appear, that this vain boaſter inſtead of diſcovering the army of the enemy, becomes a traytor to his own. *Euſtathius.*

v. 381. *Th' immortal courſers, and the glitt'ring car.*] *Hector* in the foregoing ſpeech promiſes the beſt horſes in the *Grecian* army, as a reward to any one who would undertake what he propos'd. *Dolon* immediately demands thoſe of *Achilles*, and confines the general promiſe of *Hector* to the particular horſes of that brave hero.

There is ſomething very extraordinary in *Hector*'s taking a ſolemn oath, that he will give the chariots and ſteeds of *Achilles* to *Dolon*. The ancients (ſays *Euſtathius*) knew not whoſe vanity moſt to wonder at, that of *Dolon* or *Hector*; the one for demanding this, or the other for promiſing it. Tho' we may take notice, that *Virgil* lik'd this extravagance ſo well as to imitate it, where *Aſcanius* (without being asked) promiſes the horſes and armour of *Turnus* to *Niſus*, on his undertaking a like enterprize.

Vid'ſti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis,
Aureus; ipſum illum, clypeum criſtaſque rubentes
Excipiam ſorti, jam nunc tua præmia, Niſe.

Unleſs one ſhould think the raſhneſs of ſuch a promiſe better agreed with the ardour of this youthful prince, than with the character of an experienc'd warrior like *Hector*.

Be witneſs thou! immortal Lord of all!
Whoſe thunder ſhakes the dark aerial hall:
By none but *Dolon* ſhall this prize be born,
And him alone th' immortal ſteeds adorn.
Thus *Hector* ſwore: the Gods were call'd in vain;
But the raſh youth prepares to ſcour the plain:
A-croſs his back the bended bow he flung,
A wolf's grey hide around his ſhoulders hung;
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin ſhin'd.
Then (never to return) he ſought the ſhore,
And trod the path his feet muſt tread no more.
Scarce had he paſs'd the ſteeds and *Trojan* throng,
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along)
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulyſſes mark'd, and thus to *Diomed.*
O Friend! I hear ſome ſtep of hoſtile feet,
Moving this way, or haſt'ning to the fleet;
Some ſpy perhaps, to lurk beſide the main;
Or nightly pillager that ſtrips the ſlain.
Yet let him paſs, and win a little ſpace;
Then ruſh behind him, and prevent his pace.
But if too ſwift of foot he flies before,
Confine his courſe along the fleet and ſhore,

Betwixt

Betwixt the camp and him our ſpears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to *Troy*.
With that they ſtep'd aſide, and ſtoop'd their head,
(As *Dolon* paſs'd) behind a heap of dead:
Along the path the ſpy unwary flew;
Soft, at juſt diſtance, both the chiefs purſue.
So diſtant they, and ſuch the ſpace between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green,

(To

v. 419. ——— *Such the ſpace between, As when two teams of mules*, &c.] I wonder *Euſtathius* takes no notice of the manner of ploughing uſed by the ancients, which is deſcrib'd in theſe verſes, and of which we have the beſt account from *Dacier*. She is not ſatisfied with the explanation given by *Didymus*, that *Homer* meant the ſpace which mules by their ſwiftneſs gain upon oxen that plow in the ſame field. "The *Grecians* (ſays ſhe) did "not plow in the manner now in uſe. They firſt broke up the "ground with oxen, and then plow'd it more lightly with mules. "When they employed two plows in a field, they meaſured the "ſpace they could plow in a day, and ſet their plows at the two "ends of that ſpace, and thoſe plows proceeded toward each other. "This intermediate ſpace was conſtantly fix'd, but leſs in propor- "tion for two plows of oxen than for two of mules; becauſe "oxen are ſlower, and toil more in a field that has not been yet "turn'd up, whereas mules are naturally ſwifter, and make greater "ſpeed in a ground that has already had the firſt plowing. I there- "fore believe that what *Homer* calls ὀτρύνη, is the ſpace left by the "husbandmen between two plows of mules which till the ſame "field: and as this ſpace was ſo much the greater in a field already "plow'd by oxen, he adds what he ſays of mules, that they are "ſwifter and fitter to give the ſecond plowing than oxen, and "therefore diſtinguiſhes the field ſo plowed by the epithet of "*deep*, πολὺ βαθύλης· for that ſpace was certain, of ſo many "acres or perches, and always larger than in a field as yet

 "untill'd

(To whom the hind like ſhares of land allows)
When now few furrows part th' approaching ploughs.
Now *Dolon* liſt'ning heard them as they paſt;
Hector (he thought) had ſent, and check'd his haſte,
Till ſcarce at diſtance of a Jav'lin's throw,
No voice ſucceeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
As when two skilful hounds the lev'ret winde,
Or chaſe thro' woods obſcure the trembling hinde;
Now loſt, now ſeen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd ſtill turn the flying prey:
So faſt, and with ſuch fears the *Trojan* flew;
So cloſe, ſo conſtant, the bold *Greeks* purſue.
Now almoſt on the fleet the daſtard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;

" untill'd, which being heavier and more difficult, requir'd the " interval to be ſo much the leſs between two plows of oxen, be- " cauſe they could not diſpatch ſo much work. *Homer* could not " have ſerv'd himſelf of a juſter compariſon for a thing that " paſs'd in the fields; at the ſame time he ſhews his experience " in the art of agriculture, and gives his verſes a moſt agreeable " ornament, as indeed all the images drawn from this art are pe- " culiarly entertaining.

This manner of meaſuring a ſpace of ground by a compariſon from plowing, ſeems to have been cuſtomary in thoſe times, from that paſſage in the firſt book of *Samuel*, ch. 14. v. 14. *And the firſt ſlaughter which* Jonathan *and his armour-bearer made, was about twenty men, within as it were half a furrow of an acre of land, which a yoke of oxen might plow.*

When

When brave *Tydides* ſtopp'd; a gen'rous thought
(Inſpir'd by *Pallas*) in his boſom wrought,
Leſt on the foe ſome forward *Greek* advance,
And ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art, remain;
This jav'lin elſe ſhall fix thee to the plain.
He ſaid, and high in air the weapon caſt,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his ſhoulder paſt;
Then fix'd in earth. Againſt the trembling wood
The wretch ſtood propp'd, and quiver'd as he ſtood;
A ſudden palſy ſeiz'd his turning head;
His looſe teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
The panting warriors ſeize him as he ſtands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.
O ſpare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow:
Vaſt heaps of braſs ſhall in your ſhips be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.

v. 444. *Quiver'd as he ſtood,* &c.] The poet here gives us a very lively picture of a perſon in the utmoſt agonies of fear: *Dolon's* ſwiftneſs forſakes him, and he ſtands ſhackled by his cowardice The very words expreſs the thing he deſcribes by the broken turn of the *Greek* verſes. And ſomething like it is aimed at in the *Engliſh.*

——————ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔστη, τάρβησέν τε
Βαμβαίνων· ἄρα οἱ δὶς ἐσάμενα γίγνετ' ὀδόντων
Χλωρὸς ὑπαὶ δείους.——

To whom *Ulyſſes* made this wiſe reply;
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, ſay, when ſleep has clos'd the ſight,
To roam the ſilent fields in dead of night?
Cam'ſt thou the ſecrets of our camp to find,
By *Hector* prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art ſome wretch by hopes of plunder led
Thro' heaps of carnage, to deſpoil the dead?
Then thus pale *Dolon* with a fearful look,
(Still as he ſpoke, his limbs with horror ſhook)
Hither I came, by *Hector*'s words deceiv'd;
Much did he promiſe, raſhly I believ'd:
No leſs a bribe than great *Achilles'* car,
And thoſe ſwift ſteeds that ſweep the ranks of war,
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counſels, what reſolves you take:

v. 454. *Be bold, nor fear to die.*] 'Tis obſervable what caution the poet here uſes in reference to *Dolon*: *Ulyſſes* does not make him any promiſes of life, but only bids him very artfully not to think of dying: ſo that when *Diomed* kills him, he was not guilty of a breach of promiſe, and the ſpy was deceiv'd rather by the art and ſubtlety of *Ulyſſes*, than by his falſhood. *Dolon*'s underſtanding ſeems entirely to be diſturb'd by his fears; he was ſo cautious as not to believe a friend juſt before without an oath, but here he truſts an enemy without ſo much as a promiſe. *Euſtathius.*

v. 467. *Urg'd me, unwilling,*] 'Tis obſervable that the cowardiſe of *Dolon* here betrays him into a falſhood: tho' *Euſtathius* is of opinion that the word in the original means no more than *contrary to my judgment.*

If now ſubdu'd, you fix your hopes on flight,
And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night?
Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,
(*Ulyſſes*, with a ſcornful ſmile, replies)
Far other rulers thoſe proud ſteeds demand,
And ſcorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
Ev'n great *Achilles* ſcarce their rage can tame,
Achilles ſprung from an immortal dame.
But ſay, be faithful, and the truth recite!
Where lies encamp'd the *Trojan* chief to night?
Where ſtands his courſers? in what quarter ſleep
Their other princes? tell what watch they keep?
Say, ſince this conqueſt, what their counſels are?
Or here to combat, from their city far,
Or back to *Ilion*'s walls transfer the war?
Ulyſſes thus, and thus *Eumedes*' ſon:
What *Dolon* knows, his faithful tongue ſhall own.
Hector, the peers aſſembling in his tent,
A council holds at *Ilus*' monument.

v. 478. *Where lies encamp'd.*] The night was now very far advanc'd, the morning approach'd, and the two heroes had their whole deſign ſtill to execute: *Ulyſſes* therefore complies with the neceſſity of the time, and makes his queſtions very ſhort, tho' at the ſame time very full. In the like manner when *Ulyſſes* comes to ſhew *Diomed* the chariot of *Rheſus*, he uſes a ſudden tranſition without the uſual form of ſpeaking.

No

No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
Where-e'er yon' fires aſcend, the *Trojans* wake:
Anxious for *Troy*, the guard the natives keep;
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces ſleep,
Whoſe wives and infants, from the danger far,
Diſcharge their ſouls of half the fear of war.
Then ſleep thoſe aids among the *Trojan* train,
(Enquir'd the chief) or ſcatter'd o'er the plain?
To whom the ſpy: Their pow'rs they thus diſpoſe:
The *Paeons*, dreadful with their bended bows,
The *Carians*, *Caucons*, the *Pelaſgian* hoſt,
And *Leleges* encamp along the coaſt.
Not diſtant far, lie higher on the land
The *Lycian*, *Myſian*, and *Maeonian* band,

v. 488. *No certain guards.*] *Homer* to give an air of probability to this narration, lets us underſtand that the *Trojan* camp might eaſily be enter'd without diſcovery, becauſe there were no centinels to guard it. This might happen partly thro' the ſecurity which their late ſucceſs had thrown them into, and partly thro' the fatigues of the former day. Beſides which, *Homer* gives us another very natural reaſon, the negligence of the auxiliar forces, who being foreigners, had nothing to loſe by the fall of *Troy*.

v. 489. *Where-e'er yon' fires aſcend.*] This is not to be underſtood of thoſes fires which *Hector* commanded to be kindled at the beginning of this night, but only of the houſhold fires of the *Trojans*, diſtinct from the auxiliars. The expreſſion in the original is ſomewhat remarkable; but implies thoſe people that were natives of *Troy*; ἑστίαι and ἑστιάδες πυρὸς ſignifying the ſame thing. So that ἑστίας ἔχειν and ἑστιάδας ἔχειν mean to have houſes or hearths in *Troy*. *Euſtathius.*

And

And *Phrygia*'s horſe, by *Thymbrus*' ancient wall;
The *Thracians* utmoſt, and a-part from all.
Theſe *Troy* but lately to her ſuccour won,
Led on by *Rheſus*, great *Eioneus*' ſon:
I ſaw his courſers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow:
Rich ſilver plates his ſhining car infold;
His ſolid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
No mortal ſhoulders ſuit the glorious load,
Celeſtial *Panoply*, to grace a God!
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be born,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains; till your return reveal
The truth or falſhood of the news I tell.
To this *Tydides*, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live, tho' all the truth be ſhown:
Shall we diſmiſs thee, in ſome future ſtrife
To riſk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'ſt explore?
No—once a traytor, thou betray'ſt no more.
Sternly he ſpoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandiſhment to ſtroke his beard,

Like

Like light'ning ſwift the wrathful faulchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;
One inſtant ſnatch'd his trembling ſoul to hell,
The head, yet ſpeaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and ſpear;
Theſe great *Ulyſſes* lifting to the skies,
To fav'ring *Pallas* dedicates the prize.
Great Queen of arms! receive this hoſtile ſpoil,
And let the *Thracian* ſteeds reward our toil:
Thee firſt of all the heav'nly hoſt we praiſe;
O ſpeed our labours, and direct our ways!
This ſaid, the ſpoils with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a ſpreading tamarisk he plac'd;
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd bows the plain,
To guide their footſteps to the place again.
Thro' the ſtill night they croſs the devious fields,
Slipp'ry with blood, o'er arms and heaps of ſhields.
Arriving where the *Thracian* ſquadrons lay,
And eas'd in ſleep the labours of the day,

v. 525. *Divides the neck.*] It may ſeem a piece of barbarity in *Diomed* to kill *Dolon* thus, in the very act of ſupplicating for mercy. *Euſtathius* anſwers, that it was very neceſſary that it ſhould be ſo, for fear, if he had defer'd his death, he might have cry'd out to the *Trojans*, who hearing his voice, would have been upon their guard.

Rang'd

Rang'd in three lines they view the proſtrate band:
The horſes yok'd beſide each warrior ſtand;
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Thro' the brown ſhade the fulgid weapons ſhin'd;
Amidſt, lay *Rheſus*, ſtretch'd in ſleep profound,
And the white ſteeds behind his chariot bound.
The welcome ſight *Ulyſſes* firſt deſcries,
And points to *Diomed* the tempting prize.
The man, the courſers, and the car behold!
Deſcrib'd by *Dolon*, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave *Tydides!* now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot, and the ſteeds untye;
Or if thy ſoul aſpire to fiercer deeds,
Urge thou the ſlaughter, while I ſeize the ſteeds.
Pallas (this ſaid) her hero's boſom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and ſtung his nervous arms;
Where-e'er he paſs'd, a purple ſtream purſu'd;
His thirſty faulchion, fat with hoſtile blood,
Bath'd all his footſteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd thro' the ſhore.
So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen;
On ſheep or goats, reſiſtleſs in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardleſs prey.

Nor

Nor ſtopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
Till twelve lay breathleſs of the *Thracian* band.
Ulyſſes following, as his Partner ſlew,
Back by the foot each ſlaughter'd warrior drew;
The milk-white courſers ſtudious to convey
Safe to the ſhips, he wiſely clear'd the way;
Leſt the fierce ſteeds, not yet to battels bred,
Should ſtart, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve diſpatch'd, the monarch laſt they found;
Tydides' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.
Juſt then a deathful dream *Minerva* ſent;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whoſe viſionary ſteel his boſom tore:
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulyſſes now the ſnowy ſteeds detains,
And leads them, faſten'd by the ſilver reins;
Theſe, with his bow unbent, he laſh'd along;
(The ſcourge forgot, on *Rheſus* chariot hung.)

v. 578. *Juſt then a deathful dream* Minerva *ſent.*] All the circumſtances of this action, the night, *Rheſus* buried in a profound ſleep, and *Diomed* with the ſword in his hand hanging over the head of that prince, furniſh'd *Homer* with the idea of this fiction, which repreſents *Rheſus* dying faſt aſleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a ſword into his boſom. This image is very natural, for a man in this condition awakes no farther than to ſee confuſedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a viſion. *Euſtathius, Dacier.*

Then

Then gave his friend the ſignal to retire;
But him, new dangers, new atchievements fire:
Doubtful he ſtood, or with his reeking blade
To ſend more heroes to th' infernal ſhade,
Drag off the car where *Rheſus* armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unreſolv'd the ſon of *Tydeus* ſtands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands.
Enough, my ſon, from farther ſlaughter ceaſe,
Regard thy ſafety, and depart in peace;
Haſte to the ſhips, the gotten ſpoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hoſtile Gods of *Troy*.
The voice divine confeſs'd the martial maid;
In haſte he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The courſers fly before *Ulyſſes'* bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow.
Not unobſerv'd they paſs'd: the God of light
Had watch'd his *Troy*, and mark'd *Minerva*'s flight,
Saw *Tydeus'* ſon with heav'nly ſuccour bleſt,
And vengeful anger fill'd his ſacred breaſt.
Swift to the *Trojan* camp deſcends the pow'r,
And wakes *Hippocoon* in the morning-hour,

v. 607. *And wakes* Hippocoon.] *Apollo's* waking the *Trojans* is only an allegory to imply that the light of the morning awaken'd them. *Euſtathius.*

(On

(On *Rheſus'* ſide accuſtom'd to attend,
A faithful kinſman, and inſtructive friend.)
He roſe, and ſaw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty ſpace where late the courſers ſtood,
The yet-warm *Thracians* panting on the coaſt;
For each he wept, but for his *Rheſus* moſt:
Now while on *Rheſus'* name he calls in vain,
The gath'ring tumult ſpreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the *Trojans* ruſh, with wild affright,
And wond'ring view the ſlaughters of the night.
Mean while the chiefs, arriving at the ſhade
Where late the ſpoils of *Hector's* ſpy were laid,
Ulyſſes ſtopp'd; to him *Tydides* bore
The trophy, dropping yet with *Dolon's* gore:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The courſers ply, and thunder tow'rds the fleet.
Old *Neſtor* firſt perceiv'd th' approaching ſound,
Beſpeaking thus the *Grecian* peers around.

Methinks

v. 624. *Old* Neſtor *firſt perceiv'd*, &c.] It may with an appearance of reaſon be ask'd, whence it could be that *Neſtor*, whoſe ſenſe of hearing might be ſuppos'd to be impair'd by his great age, ſhould be the firſt perſon among ſo many youthful warriors who hears the tread of the horſe's feet at a diſtance? *Euſtathius* anſwers, that *Neſtor* had a particular concern for the ſafety of *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes* on this occaſion, as he was the perſon who, by propoſing the undertaking, had expoſed them to a very ſignal danger: and

Methinks the noiſe of tramp'ling ſteeds I hear
Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear;
Perhaps ſome horſes of the *Trojan* breed
(So may, ye Gods! my pious hopes ſucceed)
The great *Tydides* and *Ulyſſes* bear,
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much, I fear (ah may that fear be vain)
The chiefs out-number'd by the *Trojan* train;
Perhaps, ev'n now purſu'd, they ſeek the ſhore;
Or oh! perhaps thoſe heroes are no more.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
And ſpring to earth; the *Greeks* diſmiſs their fear:
With words of friendſhip and extended hands
They greet the Kings; and *Neſtor* firſt demands:
Say thou, whoſe praiſes all our hoſt proclaim,
Thou living glory of the *Grecian* name!
Say whence theſe courſers? by what chance beſtow'd,
The ſpoil of foes, or preſent of a God?
Not thoſe fair ſteeds ſo radiant and ſo gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day.

and conſequently his extraordinary care for their preſervation, did more than ſupply the diſadvantage of his age. This agrees very well with what immediately follows; for the old man breaks out into a tranſport at the ſight of them, and in a wild ſort of joy asks ſome queſtions, which could not have proceeded from him, but while he was under that happy ſurprize. *Euſtathius.*

Old

Old as I am, to age I ſcorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But ſure till now no courſers ſtruck my ſight
Like theſe, conſpicuous thro' the ranks of fight.
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Bleſt as ye are, and fav'rites of the skies;
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And * her, whoſe fury bathes the world with gore.
Father! not ſo, (ſage *Ithacus* re-join'd)
The gifts of heav'n are of a nobler kind.
Of *Thracian* lineage are the ſteeds ye view,
Whoſe hoſtile king the brave *Tydides* ſlew;
Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
And twelve beſide lay gaſping on the ground.
Theſe other ſpoils from conquer'd *Dolon* came,
A wretch, whoſe ſwiftneſs was his only fame,

* *Minerva.*

v. 656. *Of* Thracian *Lineage*, &c.] It is obſervable, ſays *Euſtathius*, that *Homer* in this place unravels the ſeries of this night's exploits, and inverts the order of the former narration. This is partly occaſion'd by a neceſſity of *Neſtor*'s enquiries, and partly to relate the ſame thing in a different way, that he might not tire the reader with an exact repetition of what he knew before.

v. 659. *And twelve beſide*, &c.] How comes it to paſs that the Poet ſhould here call *Dolon* the thirteenth that was ſlain, whereas he had already number'd up thirteen beſides him? *Euſtathius* anſwers, that he mentions *Rheſus* by himſelf, by way of eminence. Then coming to recount the *Thracians*, he reckons twelve of 'em; ſo that taking *Rheſus* ſeparately, *Dolon* will make the thirteenth.

By

By *Hector* ſent our forces to explore,
He now lies headleſs on the ſandy ſhore.
Then o'er the trench the bounding courſers flew;
The joyful *Greeks* with loud acclaim purſue.
Strait to *Tydides'* high pavilion born,
The matchleſs ſteeds his ample ſtalls adorn:
The neighing courſers their new fellows greet,
And the full wracks are heap'd with gen'rous wheat.
But *Dolon's* armour to his ſhips convey'd,
High on the painted ſtern *Ulyſſes* laid,
A trophy deſtin'd to the blue-ey'd maid.
Now from nocturnal ſweat, and ſanguine ſtain,
They cleanſe their bodies in the neighb'ring main:
Then in the poliſh'd bath, refreſh'd from toil,
Their joints they ſupple with diſſolving oil,
In due repaſt indulge the genial hour,
And firſt to *Pallas* the libations pour:

They

v. 674. *They cleanſe their bodies in the main*, &c.] We have here a regimen very agreeable to the ſimplicity and auſterity of the old heroic times. Theſe warriors plunge into the ſea to waſh themſelves; for the ſalt water is not only more purifying than any other, but more corroborates the nerves. They afterwards enter into a bath, and rub their bodies with oil, which by ſoftening and moiſtening the fleſh prevents too great a diſſipation, and reſtores the natural ſtrength. *Euſtathius.*

v. 677. *In due repaſt*, &c.] It appears from hence with what preciſeneſs *Homer* diſtinguiſhes the time of theſe actions. 'Tis evident

They ſit, rejoycing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

evident from this paſſage, that immediately after their return, it was day-light: that being the time of taking ſuch a repaſt as is here deſcrib'd.

I cannot conclude the notes to this book without obſerving, that what ſeems the principal beauty of it, and what diſtinguiſhes it among all the others, is the livelineſs of its Paintings: The reader ſees the moſt natural night-ſcene in the world; he is led ſtep by ſtep with the adventurers, and made the companion of all their expectations and uncertainties. We ſee the very colour of the ſky, know the time to a minute, are impatient while the heroes are arming, our imagination ſteals out after them, becomes privy to all their doubts, and even to the ſecret wiſhes of their hearts ſent up to *Minerva*. We are alarmed at the approach of *Dolon*, hear his very footſteps, aſſiſt the two chiefs in purſuing him, and ſtop juſt with the ſpear that arreſts him. We are perfectly acquainted with the ſituation of all the forces, with the figure in which they lie, with the diſpoſition of *Rheſus* and the *Thracians*, with the poſture of his chariot and horſes. The marſhy ſpot of ground where *Dolon* is killed, the tamarisk, or aquatick Plants upon which they hang his ſpoils, and the reeds that are heap'd together to mark the place, are circumſtances the moſt *picturesque* imaginable. And tho' it muſt be owned, that the human figures in this piece are excellent, and diſpoſed in the propereſt actions; I cannot but confeſs my opinion, that the chief beauty of it is in the proſpect, a finer than which was never drawn by any pencil.

THE

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The third battel, and the acts of *Agamemnon.*

AGamemnon *having arm'd himſelf, leads the* Grecians *to battel:* Hector *prepares the* Trojans *to receive them; while* Jupiter, Juno, *and* Minerva *give the ſignals of war.* Agamemnon *bears all before him; and* Hector *is commanded by* Jupiter (*who ſends* Iris *for that purpoſe*) *to decline the engagement, till the King ſhall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great ſlaughter of the enemy;* Ulyſſes *and* Diomed *put a ſtop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by* Paris, *is obliged to deſert his companion, who is encompaſs'd by the* Trojans, *wounded, and in the utmoſt danger, till* Menelaus *and* Ajax *reſcue him.* Hector *comes againſt* Ajax, *but that hero alone oppoſes multitudes, and rallies the* Greeks. *In the mean time* Machaon, *in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by* Paris, *and carry'd from the fight in* Neſtor's *chariot.* Achilles (*who overlook'd the action from his ſhip*) *ſends* Patroclus *to enquire which of the* Greeks *was wounded in that manner?* Neſtor *entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of ſome former wars which he remember'd, tending to put* Patroclus *upon perſuading* Achilles *to fight for his Country-men, or at leaſt to permit Him to do it, clad in* Achilles's *armour.* Patroclus *in his return meets* Eurypylus *alſo wounded, and aſſiſts him in that diſtreſs.*

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the ſame day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended thro' the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth ſixteenth, ſeventeenth, and part of the eighteenth, books. The ſcene *lies in the field near the monument of* Ilus.





The two Armies being engag'd by break of day, Jupiter sends Iris *to bid Hector retire from the Fight: & not return, till* Agamemnon's *wounds had oblig'd him, To withdraw from the Field of Battle.*

B. I.

THE

*ELEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ſaffron morn, with early bluſhes ſpread,
Now roſe refulgent from *Tithonus'* bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with ſacred light.

When

* As *Homer's* invention is in nothing more wonderful, than in the great variety of characters with which his poems are diverſify'd, ſo his judgment appears in nothing more exact, than in that propriety with which each character is maintain'd. But this exactneſs muſt be collected by a diligent attention to his conduct thro' the whole: and when the particulars of each character are laid together,

5 When baleful *Eris*, ſent by *Jove*'s command,
The torch of diſcord blazing in her hand,
Thro'

gether, we ſhall find them all proceeding from the ſame temper and diſpoſition of the perſon. If this obſervation be neglected, the Poet's conduct will loſe much of its true beauty and harmony.

I fancy it will not be unpleaſant to the reader, to conſider the picture of *Agamemnon*, drawn by ſo maſterly an hand as that of *Homer*, in its full length, after having ſeen him in ſeveral views and lights ſince the beginning of the poem.

He is a maſter of policy and ſtratagem, and maintains a good underſtanding with his council; which was but neceſſary, conſidering how many different, independent nations and intereſts he had to manage: He ſeems fully conſcious of his own ſuperior authority, and always knows the time when to exert it: He is perſonally very valiant, but not without ſome mixture of fierceneſs: Highly reſentful of the injuries done his family, even more than *Menelaus* himſelf: Warm both in his paſſions and affections, particularly in the love he bears his brother. In ſhort, he is (as *Homer* himſelf in another place deſcribes him) both a good King, and a great Warrior.

Ἀμφότερον, βασιλεύς τ' ἀγαθός, κρατερός τ' αἰχμητής.

It is very obſervable how this hero riſes in the eſteem of the reader as the poem advances: It opens with many circumſtances very much to the diſadvantage of his character; he inſults the prieſt of *Apollo*, and outrages *Achilles*: but in the ſecond book he grows ſenſible of the effects of his raſhneſs, and takes the fault entirely upon himſelf: In the fourth he ſhews himſelf a skilful commander, by exhorting, reproving, and performing all the offices of a good general: In the eighth he is deeply touch'd by the ſufferings of his army, and makes all the peoples calamities his own: In the ninth he endeavours to reconcile himſelf to *Achilles*, and condeſcends to be the petitioner, becauſe it is for the publick good: In the tenth, finding thoſe endeavours ineffectual, his concern keeps him the whole night awake, in contriving all poſſible methods to aſſiſt them: And now in the eleventh as it were reſolving

Thro' the red skies her bloody sign extends,
And wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
High on *Ulysses* bark, her horrid stand
She took, and thunder'd thro' the seas and land.
Ev'n *Ajax* and *Achilles* heard the sound,
Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black Fury thro' the *Grecian* throng
With horror sounds the loud *Orthian* song:

resolving himself to supply the want of *Achilles*, he grows prodigiously in his valour, and performs wonders in his single person.

Thus we see *Agamemnon* continually winning upon our esteem, as we grow acquainted with him; so that he seems to be like that Goddess the Poet describes, who was low at the first, but rising by degrees, at last reaches the very heavens.

v. 5. *When baleful* Eris, &c.] With what a wonderful sublimity does the Poet begin this book? He awakens the reader's curiosity, and sounds an alarm to the approaching battel. With what magnificence does he usher in the deeds of *Agamemnon*? He seems for a while to have lost all view of the main battel, and lets the whole action of the poem stand still, to attend the motions of this single hero. Instead of a herald, he brings down a Goddess to inflame the army; instead of a trumpet or such warlike musick, *Juno* and *Minerva* thunder over the field of battel: *Jove* rains down drops of blood, and averts his eyes from such a scene of horrors.

By the Goddess *Eris* is meant that ardour and impatience for the battel which now inspir'd the *Grecian* army: They who just before were almost in despair, now burn for the fight, and breath nothing but war. *Eustathius.*

v. 14. Orthian *song.*] This is a kind of an *Odaic* song, invented and sung on purpose to fire the soul to noble deeds in war. Such was that of *Timotheus* before *Alexander the Great*, which had such an influence upon him, that he leap'd from his seat, and laid hold on his arms. *Eustathius.*

The navy ſhakes, and at the dire alarms
Each boſom boils, each warrior ſtarts to arms.
No more they ſigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
The King of Men his hardy hoſt inſpires
With loud command, with great example fires;
Himſelf firſt roſe, himſelf before the reſt
His mighty limbs in radiant armour dreſt.
And firſt he cas'd his manly legs around
In ſhining greaves, with ſilver buckles bound:
The beaming cuiraſs next adorn'd his breaſt,
The ſame which once King *Cinyras* poſſeſt:
(The fame of *Greece* and her aſſembled hoſt
Had reach'd that Monarch on the *Cyprian* coaſt;
'Twas then, the friendſhip of the chief to gain,
This glorious gift he ſent, nor ſent in vain.)
Ten rows of azure ſteel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;
Three glitt'ring dragons to the gorget riſe,
Whoſe imitated ſcales againſt the ſkies

v. 26. *King* Cinyras.] 'Tis probable this paſſage of *Cinyras* King of *Cyprus* alludes to a true hiſtory; and what makes it the more ſo, is that this iſland was famous for its mines of ſeveral metals. *Euſtathius.*

Reflected

Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a ſhow'ry cloud.
(*Jove's* wondrous bow, of three celeſtial dyes,
Plac'd as a ſign to man amid the skies.)
A radiant baldrick o'er his ſhoulder ty'd,
Suſtain'd the ſword that glitter'd at his ſide:
Gold was the hilt, a ſilver ſheath encas'd
The ſhining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
His buckler's mighty orb was next diſplay'd,
That round the warrior caſt a dreadful ſhade;
Ten zones of braſs its ample brim ſurround,
And twice ten boſſes the bright convex crown'd:
Tremendous *Gorgon* frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd th' expreſſive ſhield:
Within its concave hung a ſilver thong,
On which a mimic ſerpent creeps along,
His azure length in eaſy waves extends,
Till in three heads th' embroider'd monſter ends.

v. 35. *Arching bow'd*, &c.] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that the Poet intended to repreſent the bending figure of theſe ſerpents, as well as their colour, by comparing them to rainbows. *Dacier* obſerves here how cloſe a parallel this paſſage of *Homer* bears to that in *Geneſis*, where God tells *Noah*, *I have ſet my bow in the clouds, that it may be for a ſign of the covenant between me and the earth.*

Laſt o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
And in his hands two ſteely jav'lins wields,
That blaze to heav'n, and lighten all the fields.
That inſtant, *Juno*, and the martial Maid
In happy thunders promis'd *Greece* their aid;
High o'er the chief they claſh'd their arms in air,
And leaning from the clouds, expect the war.
Cloſe to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery courſers to their chariots bound
The ſquires reſtrain'd: The foot, with thoſe who wield
The lighter arms, ruſh'd forward to the field.
To ſecond theſe, in cloſe array combin'd,
The ſquadrons ſpread their ſable wings behind.
Now ſhouts and tumults wake the tardy ſun,
As with the light the warriors toils begun.

v. 63. *The foot, with thoſe who wield The lighter arms, ruſh forward.*] Here we ſee the order of battel is inverted, and oppoſite to that which *Neſtor* propoſed in the fourth book: For it is the cavalry which is there ſuſtain'd by the infantry; here the infantry by the cavalry. But to deliver my opinion, I believe it was the nearneſs of the enemy that obliged *Agamemnon* to change the diſpoſition of the battel: He would break their battalions with his infantry, and compleat their defeat by his cavalry, which ſhould fall upon the flyers. *Dacier.*

Ev'n

Ev'n *Jove*, whoſe thunder ſpoke his wrath, diſtill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The woes of men unwilling to ſurvey,
And all the ſlaughters that muſt ſtain the day.
Near *Ilus* tomb in order rang'd around,
The *Trojan* lines poſſeſs'd the riſing ground.
There wiſe *Polydamas* and *Hector* ſtood;
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
Bold *Polybus*, *Agenor* the divine;
The brother-warriors of *Antenor*'s line;
With youthful *Acamas*, whoſe beauteous face
And fair proportion, match'd th' etherial race,
Great *Hector*, cover'd with his ſpacious ſhield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red ſtar now ſhows his ſanguine fires
Thro' the dark clouds, and now in night retires;

Thus

v. 70. *Red drops of blood.*] Theſe prodigies, with which *Homer* embelliſhes his poetry, are the ſame with thoſe which hiſtory relates not as ornaments, but as truths. Nothing is more common in hiſtory than ſhowers of blood, and philoſophy gives us the reaſon of them: The two battels which had been fought on the plains of *Troy*, had ſo drench'd them with blood, that a great quantity of it might be exhal'd in vapours and carry'd into the air, and being there condens'd, fall down again in dews and drops of the ſame colour. *Euſtathius.* See Notes on *lib.* 16. v. 560.

v. 83. *As the red ſtar.*] We have juſt ſeen at full length the picture of the General of the *Greeks*: Here we ſee *Hector* beauti-

Thus thro' the ranks appear'd the Godlike man,
Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While ſtreamy ſparkles, reſtleſs as he flies,
Flaſh from his arms as light'ning from the skies.
As ſweating reapers in ſome wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,
Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet;
Thick fall the heapy harveſts at their feet.
So *Greece* and *Troy* the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are ſtrow'd on ev'ry ſide.

lifully drawn in miniature. This proceeded from the great judgment of the Poet: 'twas neceſſary to ſpeak fully of *Agamemnon*, who was to be the chief hero of this battel, and briefly of *Hector*, who had ſo often been ſpoken of at large before. This is an inſtance that the Poet well knew when to be concife, and when to be copious. It is impoſſible that any thing ſhould be more happily imagin'd than this ſimilitude: It is ſo lively, that we ſee *Hector* ſometimes ſhining in arms at the head of his troops; and then immediately loſe ſight of him, while he retires in the ranks of the army. *Euſtathius.*

v. 89. *As ſweating reapers.*] 'Twill be neceſſary for the underſtanding of this ſimilitude, to explain the method of mowing in *Homer's* days: They mowed in the ſame manner as they plowed, beginning at the extremes of the field, which was equally divided; and proceeding till they met in the middle of it. By this means they rais'd an emulation between both parties, which ſhould finiſh their ſhare firſt. If we conſider this cuſtom, we ſhall find it a very happy compariſon to the two armies advancing againſt each other, together with an exact reſemblance in every circumſtance the Poet intended to illuſtrate.

None

None ſtoop'd a thought to baſe inglorious flight;
But horſe to horſe, and man to man they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce conteſt their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none reſign the day.
Diſcord with joy the ſcene of death deſcries,
And drinks large ſlaughter at her ſanguin eyes:
Diſcord alone, of all th' immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:
The Gods in peace their golden manſions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on th' *Olympian* hill;
But gen'ral murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accus'd the partial will of *Jove*.
Mean while apart, ſuperior, and alone,
Th' eternal Monarch, on his awful throne;
Wrapt in the blaze of boundleſs glory ſate;
And fix'd, fulfill'd the juſt decrees of fate.
On earth he turn'd his all-conſid'ring eyes,
And mark'd the ſpot where *Ilion*'s tow'rs ariſe;
The ſea with ſhips, the fields with armies ſpread,
The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.
Thus while the morning-beams increaſing bright
O'er heav'ns pure azure ſpread the growing light,
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battel goar'd with equal wounds.

But now (what-time in ſome ſequeſter'd v
The weary woodman ſpreads his ſparing r

v. 119. *What time in ſome ſequeſter'd vale The man*, &c.] One may gather from hence, that in they did not meaſure the day by hours, but by the the ſun; and diſtinguiſh'd the parts of it by the mo ployments; as in the 12 of the *Odyſſeis*, v. 439. from the judges, and here from the diming of the labourer.

It may perhaps be entertaining to the reader to ſee count of the menſuration of time among the ancie ſhall take from *Spondanus*. At the beginning of the certain there was no diſtinction of time but by the ligh neſs, and the whole day was included in the general n evening and the morning. *Munſter* makes a pretty upon this cuſtom: Our long-liv'd fore-fathers (ſays he) much occaſion to be exact obſervers how the day paſs frailer ſons, whoſe ſhortneſs of life makes it neceſſary guiſh every part of time, and ſuffer none of it to ſlip w out their obſervation.

It is not improbable but that the *Chaldeans*, many ages flood, were the firſt who divided the day into hours; t the firſt who applied themſelves with affy ſucceſs to aſtron moſt ancient ſun-dial we read of is that of *Achaz*, me the ſecond book of *Kings*, ch. 20. about the time of the of *Rome:* But as theſe were of no uſe in clouded days, a night, there was another invention of meaſuring the parts by water; but that not being ſufficiently exact, they laid for another by ſand.

'Tis certain the uſe of dials was earlier among the *Gre* the *Romans*; 'twas above three hundred years after the bui *Rome* before they knew any thing of them: But yet they vided the day and night into twenty four hours, as appear *Varro* and *Macrobius*, tho' they did not count the hours as numerically, but from midnight to midnight, and diſtin them by particular names, as by the cock crowing, the dawn midday, &c. The firſt ſun-dial we read of among the

When his tir'd arms refuſe the axe to rear,
And claim a reſpite from the ſylvan war;
But not till half the proſtrate foreſts lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)

which divided the day into hours, is mention'd by *Pliny, lib.* 1. *cap.* 20. fixt upon the temple of *Quirinus* by *L. Papyrius* the cenſor, about the 12th year of the wars with *Pyrrhus*. But the firſt that was of any uſe to the publick was ſet up near the *roſtra* in the *forum* by *Valerius Meſſala* the conſul, after the taking of *Catana* in *Sicily*; from whence it was brought thirty years after the firſt had been ſet up by *Papyrius*; but this was ſtill an imperfect one, the lines of it not exactly correſponding with the ſeveral hours. Yet they made uſe of it many years, till *Q. Marcius Philippus* placed another by it, greatly improved: but theſe had ſtill one common defect of being uſeleſs in the night, and when the skies were overcaſt. All theſe inventions being thus ineffectual, *Scipio Naſica* ſome years after meaſur'd the day and night into hours from the dropping of water.

Yet near this time, it may be gather'd that ſun-dials were very frequent in *Rome*, from a fragment preſerv'd by *Aulus Gellius*, and aſcrib'd to *Plautus*: The lines are ſo beautiful, that I cannot deny the reader the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them. They are ſuppoſed to be ſpoken by an hungry paraſite, upon a ſight of one of theſe dials.

Ut illum Dii perdant, primus qui horas reperit;
Quique adeo primus ſtatuit hoc ſolarium:
Qui mihi comminuit miſero, articulatim, diem!
Nam me puero uterus hic erat ſolarium,
Multo omnium iſtorum optimum & veriſſimum,
Ubi iſte monebat eſſe, niſi cum nihil erat.
Nunc etiam quod eſt, non eſt, niſi Soli lubet:
Itaque adeo jam oppletum eſt oppidum ſolariis,
Major pars populi aridi reptant fame.

We find frequent mention of the hours in the courſe of this poem; but to prevent any miſtake, it may not be improper to take notice, that they muſt always be underſtood to mean the ſeaſons, and not the diviſion of the day by hours.

Then,

So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on ſome graſſy lare, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quiv'ring fleſh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not ſtay,
But ſwift thro' ruſtling thickets burſts her way;
All drown'd in ſweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.
Amidſt the tumult of the routed train,
The ſons of falſe *Antimachus* were ſlain;
He, who for bribes his faithleſs counſels ſold,
And voted *Helen*'s ſtay for *Paris*' gold.
Atrides mark'd as theſe their ſafety ſought,
And ſlew the children for the father's fault;
Their headſtrong horſe unable to reſtrain,
They ſhook with fear, and dropp'd the ſilken rein;
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call.
Oh ſpare our youth, and for the life we owe,
Antimachus ſhall copious gifts beſtow;
Soon as he hears, that not in battel ſlain,
The *Grecian* ſhips his captive ſons detain,
Large heaps of braſs in ranſome ſhall be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and perſuaſive gold.

Theſe

Theſe words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths addreſs'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this ſtern reply;
If from *Antimachus* ye ſpring, ye die:
The daring wretch who once in council ſtood
To ſhed *Ulyſſes'* and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and ſues his ſeed for grace!
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.
This ſaid, *Piſander* from the car he caſt,
And pierc'd his breaſt: ſupine he breath'd his laſt.
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant faulchion lopp'd his hands away;
His ſever'd head was toſs'd among the throng,
And rolling, drew a bloody trail along.
Then, where the thickeſt fought, the victor flew;
The King's example all his *Greeks* purſue.

Now

v. 181. Antimachus, *who once*, &c.] 'Tis obſervable that *Homer* with a great deal of art interweaves the true hiſtory of the *Trojan* war in his poem: he here gives a circumſtance that carries us back from the tenth year of the war to the very beginning of it. So that altho' the action of the poem takes up but a ſmall part of the laſt year of the war, yet by ſuch incidents as theſe we are taught a great many particulars that happen'd thro' the whole ſeries of it. *Euſtathius.*

v. 188. *Lopp'd his hands away.*] I think one cannot but compaſſionate the fate of theſe brothers, who ſuffer for the ſins of

Now by the foot the flying foot were ſlain,
Horſe trod by horſe, lay foaming on the plain.
From the dry fields thick clouds of duſt ariſe,
Shade the black hoſt, and intercept the skies.
The braſs-hoof'd ſteeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick thunder beats the lab'ring ground.
Still ſlaught'ring on, the King of men proceeds;
The diſtanc'd army wonders at his deeds.
As when the winds with raging flames conſpire,
And o'er the foreſts roll the flood of fire,

of their father, notwithſtanding the juſtice which the commentators find in this action of *Agamemnon*. And I can much leſs imagine that his cutting off their *hands* was meant for an expreſs example againſt bribery, in revenge for the gold which *Antimachus* had received from *Paris*. *Euſtathius* is very refining upon this point; but the grave *Spondanus* outdoes them all, who has found there was an excellent conceit in cutting off the hands and head of the ſon; the firſt, becauſe the father had been for *laying hands* on the *Grecian* embaſſadors; and the ſecond, becauſe it was from his *head* that the advice proceeded of detaining *Helena*.

v. 893. *Now by the foot the flying foot*, &c.] After *Homer* with a poetical juſtice has puniſh'd the ſons of *Antimachus* for the crimes of the father; he carries on the narration, and preſents all the terrors of the battel to our view: we ſee in the lively deſcription the men and chariots overthrown, and hear the trampling of the horſes feet. Thus the Poet very artfully, by ſuch ſudden alarms, awakens the attention of the reader, that is apt to be tired and grow remiſs by a plain and more cool narration.

v. 197. *The braſs-hoof'd ſteeds.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves that the cuſtom of ſhoeing horſes was in uſe in *Homer's* time, and calls the ſhoes σιδηρᾶ, from the figure of an half-moon.

In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all.
Before *Atrides'* rage ſo ſinks the foe;
Whole ſquadrons vaniſh, and proud heads lie low.
The ſteeds fly trembling from his waving ſword;
And many a car, now lighted of its Lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideleſs fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and cruſhing out their ſouls;
While his keen faulchion drinks the warriors lives:
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!
Perhaps great *Hector* then had found his fate,
But *Jove* and deſtiny prolong'd his date.

v. 212. *More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives.*] This is a reflection of the Poet, and ſuch an one as ariſes from a ſentiment of compaſſion; and indeed there is nothing more moving than to ſee thoſe heroes, who were the love and delight of their ſpouſes, reduc'd ſuddenly to ſuch a condition of horror, that thoſe very wives durſt not look upon them. I was very much ſurprized to find a remark of *Euſtathius* upon this, which ſeems very wrong and unjuſt: he would have it that there is in this place an *Ellipſis*, which comprehends a ſevere raillery: "For, ſays he, *Homer* would "imply, that thoſe dead warriors were now more agreeable to vultures, than they had ever been in all their days to their wives. This is very ridiculous; to ſuppoſe that theſe unhappy women did not love their husbands, is to inſult them barbarouſly in their affliction; and every body can ſee that ſuch a thought in this place would have appear'd mean, frigid, and out of ſeaſon. *Homer*, on the contrary, always endeavours to excite compaſſion by the grief of the wives, whoſe husbands are kill'd in the battel. *Dacier*.

Safe

Safe from the darts, the care of heav'n he ſtood,
Amidſt alarms, and death, and duſt, and blood.
Now paſt the tomb where ancient *Ilus* lay,
Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way.
Where the wild figs th' adjoining ſummit crown,
That path they take, and ſpeed to reach the town.
As ſwift, *Atrides* with loud ſhouts purſu'd,
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hoſtile blood.
Now near the beach-tree, and the *Scæan* gates,
The hero haults, and his aſſociates waits.
Mean-while on ev'ry ſide, around the plain,
Diſpers'd, diſorder'd, fly the *Trojan* train.
So flies a herd of beeves, that hear diſmay'd
The lion's roaring thro' the mid-night ſhade;
On heaps they tumble with ſucceſsleſs haſte;
The ſavage ſeizes, draws, and rends the laſt:
Not with leſs fury ſtern *Atrides* flew,
Still preſs'd the rout, and ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew;

v. 217. *Now paſt the tomb where ancient* Ilus *lay.*] By the exactneſs of *Homer's* deſcription we ſee as in a landſcape the very place where this battel was fought. *Agamemnon* drives the *Trojans* from the tomb of *Ilus* where they encamp'd all the night; that tomb ſtood in the middle of the plain: from thence he purſues them by the wild fig-tree to the beech-tree, and from thence to the very *Scæan* gate. Thus the ſcene of action is fix'd, and we ſee the very rout thro' which the one retreats and the other advances. *Euſtathius.*

Hurl'd

Hurl'd from their cars the braveſt chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.
Now ſtorms the victor at the *Trojan* wall;
Survey the tow'rs, and meditates their fall.
But *Jove* deſcending ſhook th' *Idean* hills,
And down their ſummits pour'd a hundred rills:
Th' unkindled light'ning in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd maid beſpoke.
Iris, with haſte thy golden wings diſplay,
To god-like *Hector* this our word convey.
While *Agamemnon* waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Bid him give way; but iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands:

v. 241. Iris *with haſte thy golden wings diſplay.*] 'Tis evident that ſome ſuch contrivance as this was neceſſary; the *Trojans*, we learn from the beginning of this book, were to be victorious this day; but if *Jupiter* had not now interpos'd, they had been driven even within the walls of *Troy*. By this means alſo the Poet conſults both for the honour of *Hector*, and that of *Agamemnon*. *Agamemnon* has time enough to ſhew the greatneſs of his valour, and it is no diſgrace to *Hector* not to encounter him when *Jupiter* interpoſes.

Euſtathius obſerves, that the Poet gives us here a ſketch of what is drawn out at large in the ſtory of this whole book: This he does to raiſe the curioſity of the reader, and make him impatient to hear thoſe great actions which muſt be perform'd before *Agamemnon* can retire, and *Hector* be victorious.

But when, or wounded by the ſpear, or dart,
That chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then *Jove* ſhall ſtring his arm, and fire his breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying *Greece* be preſs'd,
Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.
He ſpoke, and *Iris* at his word obey'd;
On wings of winds deſcends the various maid.
The chief ſhe found amidſt the ranks of war,
Cloſe to the bulwarks, on his glitt'ring car.
The Goddeſs then: O ſon of *Priam* hear!
From *Jove* I come, and his high mandate bear.
While *Agamemnon* waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Abſtain from fight; yet iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands.
But when, or wounded by the ſpear, or dart,
The chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart;
Then *Jove* ſhall ſtring thy arm, and fire thy breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying *Greece* be preſt,
Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.
She ſaid, and vaniſh'd: *Hector*, with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,

In

In clanging arms: he graſps in either hand
A pointed lance, and ſpeeds from band to band;
Revives their ardour, turns their ſteps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They ſtand to arms: the *Greeks* their onſet dare,
Condenſe their pow'rs, and wait the coming war.
New force, new ſpirit to each breaſt returns:
The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns:
The King leads on; all fix on him their eye,
And learn from him, to conquer, or to die.
Ye ſacred nine, celeſtial Muſes! tell,
Who fac'd him firſt, and by his proweſs fell?
The great *Iphidamas*, the bold and young:
From ſage *Antenor* and *Theano* ſprung;

Whom

v. 281. *Ye ſacred nine!*] The Poet, to win the attention of the reader, and ſeeming himſelf to be ſtruck with the exploits of *Agamemnon* while he recites them, (who when the battel was rekindled, ruſhes out to engage his enemies) invokes not one muſe, as he did in the beginning of the poem, but as if he intended to warn us that he was about to relate ſomething ſurprizing, he invokes the whole nine; and then as if he had received their inſpiration, goes on to deliver what they ſuggeſted to him. By means of this apoſtrophe, the imagination of the reader is ſo fill'd, tha he ſeems not only preſent, but active in the ſcene to which the ſkill of the Poet has tranſported him. *Euſtathius.*

v. 283. Iphidamas, *the bold and young.*] *Homer* here gives us the hiſtory of this *Iphidamas*, his parentage, the place of his birth, and many circumſtances of his private life. This he

does

Whom from his youth his grandſire *Ciſſeus* bred,
And nurs'd in *Thrace* where ſnowy flocks are fed.
Scarce did the down his roſy cheeks inveſt,
And early honour warm his gen'rous breaſt,
When the kind ſire conſign'd his daughters charms
(*Theano*'s ſiſter) to his youthful arms.
But call'd by glory to the wars of *Troy*,
He leaves untaſted the firſt fruits of joy;
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And ſwift to aid his dearer countrey flies.
With twelve black ſhips he reach'd *Percope*'s ſtrand,
Thence took the long, laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he ſprings,
Tow'ring in arms, and braves the King of Kings.
Atrides firſt diſcharg'd the miſſive ſpear;
The *Trojan* ſtoop'd, the jav'lin paſs'd in air.
Then near the corſelet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his ſtrength the youth directs his dart:

does to diverſify his poetry, and to ſoften with ſome amiable embelliſhments, the continual horrors that muſt of neceſſity ſtrike the imagination, in an uninterrupted narration of blood and ſlaughter. *Euſtathius.*

v. 290. Theano's *ſiſter.*] That the reader may not be ſhock'd at the marriage of *Iphidamas* with his mother's ſiſter, it may not be amiſs to obſerve from *Euſtathius*, that conſanguinity was no impediment in *Greece* in the days of *Homer*: nor is *Iphidamas* ſingular in this kind of marriage, for *Diomed* was married to his own aunt as well as he.

But the broad belt, with plates of ſilver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Encumber'd with the dart, *Atrides* ſtands,
Till graſp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands.
At once, his weighty ſword diſcharg'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the duſt th' unhappy warrior lies,
And ſleep eternal ſeals his ſwimming eyes.
Oh worthy better fate! oh early ſlain!
Thy countrey's friend; and virtuous, tho' in vain!
No more the youth ſhall join his conſort's ſide,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
No more with preſents her embraces meet,
Or lay the ſpoils of conqueſt at her feet,
On whom his paſſion, laviſh of his ſtore,
Beſtow'd ſo much, and vainly promis'd more!
Unwept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away.
Coön, *Antenor*'s eldeſt hope, was nigh:
Tears, at the ſight, came ſtarting from his eye,
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he view'd,
And the pale features now deform'd with blood.

Then with his ſpear, unſeen, his time he took,
Aim'd at the King, and near his elbow ſtrook.
The thrilling ſteel tranſpierc'd the brawny part,
And thro' his arm ſtood forth the barbed dart.
Surpriz'd the Monarch feels, yet void of fear
On *Coön* ruſhes with his lifted ſpear:
His brother's corps the pious *Trojan* draws,
And calls his countrey to aſſert his cauſe,
Defends him breathleſs on the ſanguine field,
And o'er the body ſpreads his ample ſhield.
Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Transfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breaſt he lay,
The Monarch's faulchion lopp'd his head away:
The ſocial ſhades the ſame dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below.
The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With ev'ry weapon, art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the ſword, or pond'rous ſtone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
This, while yet warm, diſtill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew ſtiff with clotted blood,

Then

Then grinding tortures his ſtrong boſom rend,
Leſs keen thoſe darts the fierce *Ilythia* ſend,
(The pow'rs that cauſe the teeming matron's throes,
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!)
Stung with the ſmart, all panting with the pain,
He mounts the car, and gives his ſquire the rein:
Then with a voice which fury made more ſtrong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng.
O friends! O *Greeks!* aſſert your honours won;
Proceed, and finiſh what this arm begun:
Lo! angry *Jove* forbids your chief to ſtay,
And envies half the glories of the day.

He

v. 348. *The fierce* Ilythiæ.] Theſe *Ilythia* are the Goddeſſes that *Homer* ſuppoſes to preſide over child-birth: he arms their hands with a kind of inſtrument, from which a pointed dart is ſhot into the diſtreſſed mother, as an arrow from a bow: ſo that as *Eris* has her torch, and *Jupiter* his thunder, theſe Goddeſſes have their darts which they ſhoot into women in travail. He calls them the daughters of *Juno*, becauſe ſhe preſides over the marriage-bed. *Euſtathius.* Here (ſays *Dacier*) we find the ſtyle of the holy ſcripture, which to expreſs a ſevere pain, uſually compares it to that of women in labour. Thus *David, Pain came upon them as upon a woman in travail;* and *Iſaiah, They ſhall grieve as a woman in travail;* and all the Prophets are full of the like expreſſions.

v. 357. *Lo! angry* Jove *forbids your chief to ſtay.*] *Euſtathius* remarks upon the behaviour of *Agamemnon* in his preſent diſtreſs: *Homer* deſcribes him as rack'd with almoſt intolerable pains, yet he does not complain of the anguiſh he ſuffers, but that he is oblig'd to retire from the fight.

He ſaid; the driver whirls his lengthful thong;
The horſes fly! the chariot ſmoaks along.
Clouds from their noſtrils the fierce courſers blow,
And from their ſides the foam deſcends in ſnow;
Shot thro' the battel in a moment's ſpace,
The wounded Monarch at his tent they place.
No ſooner *Hector* ſaw the King retir'd,
But thus his *Trojans* and his aids he fir'd.
Hear all ye *Dardan*, all ye *Lycian* race!
Fam'd in cloſe fight, and dreadful face to face;
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefather's virtues, and your own.
Behold, the Gen'ral flies! deſerts his pow'r's!
Lo *Jove* himſelf declares the conqueſt ours!
Now on yon' ranks impell your foaming ſteeds;
And, ſure of glory, dare immortal deeds.
With words like theſe the fiery chief alarms
His fainting hoſt, and ev'ry boſom warms.
As the bold hunter chears his hounds to tear
The brindled lion, or the tuſky bear,

This indeed, as it prov'd his undaunted ſpirit, ſo did it likewiſe his wiſdom: had he ſhew'd any unmanly dejection, it would have diſpirited the army; but his intrepidity makes them believe his wound leſs dangerous, and renders them not ſo highly concern'd for the abſence of their General.

With

With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,
And ſprings the foremoſt with his lifted dart:
So god-like *Hector* prompts his troops to dare;
Nor prompts alone, but leads himſelf the war.
On the black body of the foes he pours:
As from the cloud's deep boſom, ſwell'd with ſhow'rs,
A ſudden ſtorm the purple ocean ſweeps,
Drives the wild waves, and toſſes all the deeps.
Say, Muſe! when *Jove* the *Trojans* glory crown'd,
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?

Aſſus,

v. 387. *Say, Muſe! when* Jove *the* Trojan's *glory crown'd.*] The Poet juſt before has given us an invocation of the muſes, to make us attentive to the great exploits of *Agamemnon.* Here we have one with regard to *Hector*, but this laſt may perhaps be more eaſily accounted for than the other. For in that, after ſo ſolemn an invocation, we might reaſonably have expected wonders from the hero: whereas in reality he kills but one man before he himſelf is wounded; and what he does afterwards ſeems to proceed from a frantic valour, ariſing from the ſmart of the wound: we do not find by the text that he kills one man, but overthrows ſeveral in his fury, and then retreats: So that one would imagine he invoked the muſes only to deſcribe his retreat.

But upon a nearer view, we ſhall find that *Homer* ſhews a commendable partiality to his own countreymen and hero *Agamemnon:* he ſeems to detract from the greatneſs of *Hector's* actions, by aſcribing them to *Jupiter*; whereas *Agamemnon* conquers by the dint of bravery: and that this is a juſt obſervation, will appear by what follows. Thoſe *Greeks* that fall by the ſword of *Hector*, he paſſes over as if they were all vulgar men: he ſays nothing of them but that they dy'd; and only briefly mentions their names, as if he endeavour'd to conceal the overthrow of the *Greeks.*

Aſſæus, *Dolops*, and *Autonoüs* dy'd,
Opites next was added to their ſide,
Then brave *Hipponous* fam'd in many a fight,
Opheltius, *Orus*, ſunk to endleſs night,
Æſymnus, *Agelaus*; all chiefs of name;
The reſt were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
As when a weſtern whirlwind, charg'd with ſtorms,
Diſpels the gather'd clouds that *Notus* forms;
The guſt continu'd, violent and ſtrong,
Rolls ſable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,
Now breaks the ſurge, and wide the bottom bares.
Thus raging *Hector*, with reſiſtleſs hands,
O'erturns, confounds, and ſcatters all their bands.
Now the laſt ruin the whole hoſt appalls;
Now *Greece* had trembled in her wooden walls;

But when he ſpeaks of his favourite *Agamemnon*, he expatiates and dwells upon his actions; and ſhews us, that thoſe that fell by his hand were all men of diſtinction, ſuch as were the ſons of *Priam*, of *Antenor*, and *Antimachus*. 'Tis true, *Hector* kill'd as many leaders of the *Greeks* as *Agamemnon* of the *Trojans*, and more of the common ſoldiers; but by particularizing the deaths of the chiefs of *Troy*, he ſets the deeds of *Agamemnon* in the ſtrongeſt point of light, and by his ſilence in reſpect to the leaders whom *Hector* ſlew, he caſts a ſhade over the greatneſs of the action, and conſequently it appears leſs conſpicuous.

But

But wiſe *Ulyſſes* call'd *Tydides* forth,
His ſoul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
And ſtand we deedleſs, O eternal ſhame!
Till *Hector*'s arm involve the ſhips in flame?
Haſte, let us join, and combat ſide by ſide.
The warrior thus, and thus the friend reply'd.
No martial toil I ſhun, no danger fear;
Let *Hector* come; I wait his fury here.
But *Jove* with conqueſt crowns the *Trojan* train;
And, *Jove* our foe, all human force is vain.
He ſigh'd; but ſighing, rais'd his vengeful ſteel,
And from his car the proud *Thymbræus* fell:
Molion, the charioteer, purſu'd his Lord,
His death ennobled by *Ulyſſes*' ſword.
There ſlain, they left them in eternal night;
Then plung'd amidſt the thickeſt ranks of fight.

v. 405. *But wiſe* Ulyſſes *call'd* Tydides *forth.*] There is ſomething inſtructive in thoſe which ſeem the moſt common paſſages of *Homer*, who by making the wiſe *Ulyſſes* direct the brave *Diomed* in all the enterprizes of the laſt book, and by maintaining the ſame conduct in this, intended to ſhew this moral, That valour ſhould always be under the guidance of wiſdom. Thus in the eighth book, when *Diomed* could ſcarce be reſtrain'd by the thunder of *Jupiter*, *Neſtor* is at hand to moderate his courage; and this hero ſeems to have made a very good uſe of thoſe inſtructions; his valour no longer runs out into raſhneſs: tho' he is too brave to decline the fight, yet he is too wiſe to fight againſt *Jupiter*.

So two wild boars outſtrip the following hounds,
Then ſwift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
Stern *Hector*'s conqueſts in the middle plain
Stood check'd a while, and *Greece* reſpir'd again.
The ſons of *Merops* ſhone amidſt the war;
Tow'ring they rode in one refulgent car:
In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the *Trojan* field;
Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,
They ruſh'd to fight, and periſh'd on the plain!
Their breaſts no more the vital ſpirit warms;
The ſtern *Tydides* ſtrips their ſhining arms.
Hypirochus by great *Ulyſſes* dies,
And rich *Hippodamus* becomes his prize.
Great *Jove* from *Ide* with ſlaughter fills his ſight,
And level hangs the doubtful ſcale of fight.
By *Tydeus'* lance *Agaſtrophus* was ſlain,
The far-fam'd hero of *Paonian* ſtrain;
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he ſtrove to fly,
His ſteeds too diſtant, and the foe too nigh;
Thro' broken orders, ſwifter than the wind,
He fled, but flying, left his life behind.
This *Hector* ſees, as his experienc'd eyes
Traverſe the files, and to the reſcue flies;

Shouts,

Shouts, as he paſt, the cryſtal regions rend,
And moving armies on his march attend.
Great *Diomed* himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear,
And thus beſpoke his brother of the war.
Mark how this way yon' bending ſquadrons yield!
The ſtorm rolls on, and *Hector* rules the field:
Here ſtand his utmoſt force—The warrior ſaid;
Swift at the word, his pond'rous jav'lin fled;
Nor miſs'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
Raz'd the ſmooth cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.
Safe in his helm (the gift of *Phœbus'* hands)
Without a wound the *Trojan* hero ſtands;
But yet ſo ſtunn'd, that ſtagg'ring on the plain,
His arm and knee his ſinking bulk ſuſtain;
O'er his dim ſight the miſty vapours riſe,
And a ſhort darkneſs ſhades his ſwimming eyes.

v. 447. *Great* Diomed *himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear.*] There ſeems to be ſome difficulty in theſe words: this brave warrior, who has frequently met *Hector* in the battel, and offer'd himſelf for the ſingle combat, is here ſaid to be ſeiz'd with fear at the very ſight of him: this may be thought not to agree with his uſual behaviour, and to derogate from the general character of his intrepidity: but we muſt remember that *Diomed* himſelf has but juſt told us, that *Jupiter* fought againſt the *Grecians*; and that all the endeavours of himſelf and *Ulyſſes* would be in vain: this fear therefore of *Diomed* is far from being diſhonourable; it is not *Hector*, but *Jupiter* of whom he is afraid. *Euſtathius.*

Tydides follow'd to regain his lance;
While *Hector* roſe, recover'd from the trance,
Remounts his car, and herds amidſt the crowd;
The *Greek* purſues him, and exults aloud.
Once more thank *Phœbus* for thy forfeit breath,
Or thank that ſwiftneſs which outſtrips the death.
Well by *Apollo* are thy pray'rs repaid,
And oft that partial pow'r has lent his aid.
Thou ſhalt not long the death deſerv'd withſtand,
If any God aſſiſt *Tydides* hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
Whole hecatombs of *Trojan* ghoſts ſhall pay.
Him, while he triumph'd, *Paris* ey'd from far,
(The ſpouſe of *Helen*, the fair cauſe of war)
Around the field his feather'd ſhafts he ſent,
From ancient *Ilus'* ruin'd monument;
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;

v. 476. Ilus' *monument.*] I thought it neceſſary juſt to put the reader in mind, that the battel ſtill continues near the tomb of *Ilus:* by a juſt obſervation of that, we may with pleaſure ſee the various turns of the fight, and how every ſtep of ground is won or loſt, as the armies are repuls'd or victorious.

Juſt

Juſt as he ſtoop'd, *Agaſtrophus*'s creſt
To ſeize, and draw the corſelet from his breſt.
The bow-ſtring twang'd; nor flew the ſhaft in vain,
But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing *Trojan*, with a joyful ſpring
Leaps from his ambuſh, and inſults the King.

He

v. 479. *Juſt as he ſtoop'd, Agaſtrophus's creſt*
To ſeize, and draw the corſelet from his breaſt.]

One would think that the Poet at all times endeavour'd to condemn the practice of ſtripping the dead, during the heat of action; he frequently deſcribes the victor wounded, while he is ſo employ'd about the bodies of the ſlain: thus in the preſent book we ſee *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, *Ulyſſes*, *Elephenor*, and *Eurypylus*, all ſuffer as they ſtrip the men they ſlew; and in the ſixth book he brings in the wiſe *Neſtor* directly forbidding it. *Euſtathius.*

v. 482. *But pierc'd his foot.*] It cannot but be a ſatisfaction to the reader to ſee the Poet ſmitten with the love of his countrey, and at all times conſulting its glory: this day was to be glorious to *Troy*, but *Homer* takes care to remove with honour moſt of the braveſt *Greeks* from the field of battel, before the *Trojans* can conquer. Thus *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and *Ulyſſes* muſt bleed, before the Poet can allow his countreymen to retreat. *Euſtathius.*

v. 483. *The laughing* Trojan.] *Euſtathius* is of opinion that *Homer* intended to ſatyrize in this place the unwarlike behaviour of *Paris:* ſuch an effeminate laugh and geſture is unbecoming a brave warrior, but agrees very well with the character of *Paris:* nor do I remember that in the whole Iliad any one perſon is deſcrib'd in ſuch an indecent tranſport, tho' upon a much more glorious or ſucceſsful action. He concludes his ludicrous inſult with a circumſtance very much to the honour of *Diomed*, and very much to the diſadvantage of his own character, for he reveals to an enemy the fears of *Troy*, and compares the *Greeks* to lions, and the *Tro-*

He bleeds! (he cries) ſome God has ſped my dart;
Would the ſame God had fixt it in his heart!
So *Troy* reliev'd from that wide-waſting hand,
Shall breathe from ſlaughter, and in combat ſtand,
Whoſe ſons now tremble at his darted ſpear,
As ſcatter'd lambs the ruſhing lion fear.
He, dauntleſs, thus: Thou conqu'ror of the fair,
Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair;
Vain archer! truſting to the diſtant dart,
Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou haſt but done what boys or women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incenſe a man.
Nor boaſt the ſcratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not ſo this dart, which thou may'ſt one day feel;
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the ſteel,
Where this but lights, ſome noble life expires,
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of ſires,
Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves ſuch objects as diſtract the fair.

ians to ſheep. *Diomed* is the very reverſe of him; he deſpiſes and leſſens the wound he receiv'd, and in the midſt of his pain, would not gratify his enemy with the little joy he might give him by letting him know it.

Ulyſſes

Ulyſſes haſtens with a trembling heart,
Before him ſteps, and bending draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood, an eager pang ſucceeds;
Tydides mounts, and to the navy ſpeeds.
Now on the field *Ulyſſes* ſtands alone,
The *Greeks* all fled, the *Trojans* pouring on:
But ſtands collected in himſelf and whole,
And queſtions thus his own unconquer'd ſoul.
What farther ſubterfuge, what hopes remain?
What ſhame, inglorious if I quit the plain?
What danger, ſingly if I ſtand the ground,
My friends all ſcatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth ſuffice;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die, or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
And knowing this, I know a ſoldier's part.
Such thoughts revolving in his careful breaſt,
Near, and more near, the ſhady cohorts preſt;

v. 512. *And queſtions thus his own unconquer'd ſoul.*] This is a paſſage which very much ſtrikes me: we have here a brave hero making a noble ſoliloquy, or rather calling a council within himſelf, when he was ſingly to encounter an army: 'tis impoſſible for the reader not to be in pain for ſo gallant a man in ſuch an imminent danger; he muſt be impatient for the event, and his whole curioſity muſt be awaken'd 'till he knows the fate of *Ulyſſes*, who ſcorn'd to fly, tho' encompaſs'd by an army.

Theſe,

Theſe, in the warrior, their own fate incloſe;
And round him deep the ſteely circle grows,
So fares a boar, whom all the troop ſurrounds
Of ſhouting huntſmen and of clam'rous hounds;
He grinds his iv'ry tusks; he foams with ire;
His ſanguine eyeballs glare with living fire;
By theſe, by thoſe, on ev'ry part is ply'd;
And the red ſlaughter ſpreads on ev'ry ſide.
Pierc'd thro' the ſhoulder, firſt *Deiopis* fell;
Next *Ennomus* and *Thoon* ſunk to hell;
Cherſidamas, beneath the naval thruſt,
Fall prone to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Charops, the ſon of *Hippaſus*, was near:
Ulyſſes reach'd him with the fatal ſpear:
But to his aid his brother *Socus* flies,
Socus, the brave, the gen'rous, and the wiſe:
Near as he drew, the warrior thus began.
O great *Ulyſſes*, much-enduring man!
Not deeper skill'd in ev'ry martial ſlight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
This day two brothers ſhall thy conqueſt grace,
And end at once the great *Hippaſian* race,
Or thou beneath this lance muſt preſs the field——
He ſaid, and forceful pierc'd his ſpacious ſhield;

Thro

Thro' the ſtrong braſs the ringing javelin thrown,
Plow'd half his ſide, and bar'd it to the bone.
By *Pallas'* care, the ſpear, tho' deep infix'd,
Stop'd ſhort of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.
The wound not mortal wiſe *Ulyſſes* knew,
Then furious thus, (but firſt ſome ſteps withdrew.)
Unhappy man! whoſe death our hands ſhall grace!
Fate calls thee hence, and finiſh'd is thy race.
No longer check my conqueſts on the foe;
But pierc'd by this, to endleſs darkneſs go,
And add one ſpectre to the realms below!

v. 549. *By* Pallas' *care.*] It is a juſt obſervation, that there is no moral ſo evident, or ſo conſtantly carry'd on through the Iliad, as the neceſſity mankind at all times has of divine aſſiſtance. Nothing is perform'd with ſucceſs, without particular mention of this; *Hector* is not ſav'd from a dart without *Apollo*, or *Ulyſſes* without *Minerva*. *Homer* is perpetually acknowledging the hand of God in all events, and aſcribing to that only, all the victories, triumphs, rewards, or puniſhmenes of men. Thus the grand moral he laid down at the entrance of his poem, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή, *The will of God was fulfill'd*, runs thro' his whole work, and is with a moſt remarkable care and conduct put into the mouths of his greateſt and wiſeſt perſons on every occaſion.

Homer generally makes ſome peculiar God attend on each hero: For the ancients believ'd that every man had his particular tutelary deity; theſe in ſucceeding times were called *Dæmons* or *Genii*, who (as they thought) were given to men at the hour of their birth, and directed the whole courſe of their lives. See *Cebes's Tablet. Menander*, as he is cited by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, ſtyles them μυσταγωγοὶ βίου, *the inviſible guides of life.*

He

He ſpoke, while *Socus* ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight,
Between his ſhoulders pierc'd the following dart,
And held its paſſage thro' the panting heart.
Wide in his breaſt appear'd the griſly wound;
He falls; his armour rings againſt the ground.
Then thus *Ulyſſes*, gazing on the ſlain.
Fam'd ſon of *Hippaſus!* there preſs the plain;
There ends thy narrow ſpan aſſign'd by fate,
Heav'n owes *Ulyſſes* yet a longer date.
Ah wretch! no father ſhall thy corps compoſe,
Thy dying eyes no tender mother cloſe,
But hungry birds ſhall tear thoſe balls away,
And hov'ring vultures ſcream around their prey.

Me

v. 565. *Fam'd ſon of* Hippaſus.] *Homer* has been blam'd by ſome late cenſurers for making his heroes addreſs diſcourſes to the dead. *Dacier* replies, that Paſſion dictates theſe ſpeeches, and it is generally to the dying, not to the dead, that they are addreſs'd. However, one may ſay, that they are often rather reflections, than inſults. Were it otherwiſe, *Homer* deſerves not to be cenſured for feigning what hiſtories have reported as truth. We find in *Plutarch* that *Mark Anthony* upon ſight of the dead body of *Brutus*, ſtopp'd and reproach'd him with the death of his brother *Caius*, whom *Brutus* had kill'd in *Macedonia* in revenge for the murder of *Cicero*. I muſt confeſs I am not altogether pleas'd with the railleries he ſometimes uſes to a vanquiſh'd warrior; which inhumanities if ſpoken to the dying, would I think be yet worſe than after they were dead.

v. 571. *And hov'ring vultures ſcream around their prey.*] This is not literally tranſlated, what the Poet ſays gives us the moſt lively

Me *Greeee* ſhall honour, when I meet my doom,
With ſolemn fun'rals and a laſting tomb.
Then raging with intolerable ſmart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.
The dart a tide of ſpouting gore purſu'd,
And gladden'd *Troy* with ſight of hoſtile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
The well-known voice thrice *Menelaus* hears:
Alarm'd, to *Ajax Telamon* he cry'd,
Who ſhares his labours, and defends his ſide.
O friend! *Ulyſſes'* ſhouts invades my ear;
Diſtreſs'd he ſeems, and no aſſiſtance near:

lively picture imaginable of the vultures in the act of tearing their prey with their bills: They beat the body with their wings as they rend it, which is a very natural circumſtance, but ſcarce poſſible to be copy'd by a tranſlator without loſing the beauty of it.

v. 572. *Me* Greece *ſhall honour when I meet my doom, With ſolemn fun'rals.*———] We may ſee from ſuch paſſages as theſe that honours paid to the aſhes of the dead have been greatly valued in all ages: This poſthumous honour was paid as a publick acknowledgment that the perſon deceas'd had deſerv'd well of his country, and conſequently was an incitement to the living to imitate his actions: In this view there is no man but would be ambitious of them, not as they are teſtimonies of titles or riches, but of diſtinguiſh'd merit.

Strong

Strong as he is ✓; yet, one oppos'd to all,
Oppreſs'd by multitudes, the beſt may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, muſt bid her hoſts deſpair,
And feel a loſs, not ages can repair.
Then, where the cry directs, his courſe he bends;
Great *Ajax*, like the God of war, attends.
The prudent chief in ſore diſtreſs they found,
With bands of furious *Trojans* compaſs'd round.
As when ſome huntſman with a flying ſpear,
From the blind thicket wounds a ſtately deer;
Down his cleft ſide while freſh the blood diſtills,
He bounds aloft, and ſcuds from hills to hills:
Till life's warm vapour iſſuing thro' the wound,
Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beaſt ſurround;
Juſt as their jaws his proſtrate limbs invade,
The lion ruſhes thro' the woodland ſhade,

v. 591. *Great* Ajax, *like the God of War, attends.*] The ſilence of other heroes on many occaſions is very beautiful in *Homer*, but peculiarly ſo in *Ajax*, who is a gallant rough ſoldier, and readier to act than to ſpeak: The preſent neceſſity of *Ulyſſes* requir'd ſuch a behaviour, for the leaſt delay might have been fatal to him: *Ajax* therefore complying both with his own inclinations, and the urgent condition of *Ulyſſes*, makes no reply to *Menelaus*, but immediately haſtens to his relief. The reader will obſerve how juſtly the Poet maintains this character of *Ajax* throughout the whole Iliad, who is often ſilent when he has an opportunity to ſpeak, and when he ſpeaks, 'tis like a ſoldier, with a martial air, and always with brevity. *Euſtathius.*

The

The wolves, tho' hungry, ſcour diſpers'd away;
The lordly ſavage vindicates his prey.
Ulyſſes thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A ſingle warrior, half an hoſt ſuſtains:
But ſoon as *Ajax* heaves his tow'r-like ſhield,
The ſcatter'd crowds fly frighted o'er the field;
Atrides' arm the ſinking hero ſtays,
And ſav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.
Victorious *Ajax* plies the routed crew;
And firſt *Doryclus*, *Priam's* ſon, he ſlew,
On ſtrong *Pandocus* next inflicts a wound,
And lays *Lyſander* bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, ſwell'd with wintry rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins! to the ſeas are born:
Fierce *Ajax* thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng,
Men, ſteeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.
But *Hector*, from this ſcene of ſlaughter far,
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progreſs thro' the plain,
And deep *Scamander* ſwells with heaps of ſlain.
There *Neſtor* and *Idomeneus* oppoſe
The warrior's fury, there the battel glows;

There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His ſword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
The ſpouſe of *Helen* dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd *Machaon* with a diſtant wound:
In his right ſhoulder the broad ſhaft appear'd,
And trembling *Greece* for her Phyſician fear'd.
To *Neſtor* then *Idomeneus* begun;
Glory of *Greece*, old *Neleus'* valiant ſon!
Aſcend thy chariot, haſte with ſpeed away,
And great *Machaon* to the ſhips convey.
A wiſe Phyſician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the publick weal.

Old

v. 636. *A wiſe Phyſician.*] The Poet paſſes a very ſignal commendation upon Phyſicians: The army had ſeen ſeveral of the braveſt of their heroes wounded, yet were not ſo much diſpirited for them all, as they were at the ſingle danger of *Machaon*: But the perſon whom he calls a Phyſician ſeems rather to be a Surgeon. The cutting out of arrows, and applying anodynes being the province of the latter: However (as *Euſtathius* ſays) we muſt conclude that *Machaon* was both a Phyſician and Surgeon, and that thoſe two profeſſions were practiſed by one perſon.

It is reaſonable to think, from the frequency of their wars, that the profeſſion in thoſe days was chiefly chirurgical: *Celſus* ſays expreſſly that the *Diætetic* was long after invented; but that *Botany* was in great eſteem and practice, appears from the ſtories of *Medea*, *Circe*, &c. We often find mention among the moſt ancient writers, of women eminent in that art; as of *Agamede* in this very book, v. 876. who is ſaid (like *Solomon*) to have known the virtues of every plant that grew on the earth, and of *Polydamna* in the fourth book of the *Odyſſeis*, v. 227, &c.

Homer,

Old *Neſtor* mounts the ſeat: Beſide him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing God.
He lends the laſh; the ſteeds with ſounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.
But now *Cebriones*, from *Hector*'s car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
While here (he cry'd) the flying *Greeks* are ſlain;
Trojans on *Trojans* yonder load the plain.
Before great *Ajax*, ſee the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driv'n in heaps along!
I know him well diſtinguiſh'd o'er the field
By the broad glitt'ring of the ſev'nfold ſhield.
Thither, O *Hector*, thither urge thy ſteeds;
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds,
There horſe and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of ſlaughter mix with ſhouts of fight.

Homer, I believe, knew all that was known in his time of the practice of theſe arts. His methods of extracting of arrows, ſtanching of blood by the bitter root, fomenting of wounds with warm water, applying proper bandages and remedies, are all according to the true precepts of art. There are likewiſe ſeveral paſſages in his works that ſhew his knowledge of the virtues of plants, even of thoſe qualities which are commonly (though perhaps erroneouſly) aſcribed to them, as of the *Moly* againſt enchantments, the willow which cauſes barrenneſs, the *nepenthe*, &c.

Thus having ſpoke, the driver's laſh reſounds;
Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;
Stung by the ſtroke, the courſers ſcour the fields,
O'er heaps of carcaſſes, and hills of ſhields.
The horſes hoofs are bath'd in heroes gore,
And daſhing, purple all the car before,
The groaning axle ſable drops diſtills,
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
Here *Hector* plunging thro' the thickeſt fight,
Broke the dark *Phalanx*, and let in the light:
(By the long lance, the ſword, or pond'rous ſtone,
The ranks lie ſcatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)
Ajax he ſhuns, thro' all the dire debate,
And fears that arm, whoſe force he felt ſo late.
But partial *Jove* eſpouſing *Hector*'s part,
Shot heav'n-bred horror thro' the *Grecian*'s heart;
Confus'd,

v. 668. *But partial* Jove, *&c.*] The addreſs of *Homer* in bringing off *Ajax* with decency is admirable: He makes *Hector* afraid to approach him: He brings down *Jupiter* himſelf to terrify him: ſo that he retreats not from a mortal, but from a God.

This whole paſſage is inimitably juſt and beautiful: we ſee *Ajax* drawn in the moſt bold and ſtrong colours, and in a manner alive in the deſcription. We ſee him ſlowly and ſullenly retreat between two armies, and even with a look repulſe the one, and protect the other: There is not one line but what reſembles *Ajax*; the character of a ſtubborn but undaunted warrior is perfectly maintain'd, and muſt ſtrike the reader at the firſt view. He compares him

firſt

Confus'd, unnerv'd in *Hector's* preſence grown,
Amaz'd he ſtood, with terrors not his own.

O'er

firſt to the Lion for his undauntedneſs in fighting, and then to the Aſs for his ſtubborn ſlowneſs in retreating; tho' in the latter compariſon there are many other points of likeneſs that enliven the image: The havock he makes in the field is repreſented by the tearing and trampling down the harveſts; and we ſee the bulk, ſtrength, and obſtinacy of the hero, when the *Trojans* in reſpect to him are compared but to troops of boys that impotently endeavour to drive him away.

Euſtathius is ſilent as to thoſe objections which have been rais'd againſt this laſt ſimile, for a pretended want of delicacy: This alone is conviction to me that they are all of a later date: For elſe he would not have fail'd to have vindicated his favourite Poet in a paſſage that had been applauded many hundreds of years, and ſtood the teſt of ages.

But Monſieur *Dacier* has done it very well in his remarks upon *Ariſtotle*. "In the time of *Homer* (ſays that author) an Aſs was "not in ſuch circumſtances of contempt as in ours: The name of "that animal was not then converted into a term of reproach, "but it was a beaſt upon which Kings and Princes might be ſeen "with dignity. And it will not be very diſcreet to ridicule this "compariſon, which the holy ſcripture has put into the mouth "of *Jacob*, who ſays in the benediction of his children, Iſſachar "*ſhall be as a ſtrong Aſs.*" Monſieur *de la Motte* allows this point, and excuſes *Homer* for his choice of this animal, but is unhappily diſguſted at the circumſtance of the *boys*, and the obſtinate *gluttony* of the Aſs, which he ſays are images too mean to repreſent the determin'd valour of *Ajax*, and the fury of his enemies. It is anſwer'd by Madam *Dacier*, that what *Homer* here imagines, is not the gluttony, but the patience, the obſtinacy, and ſtrength of the aſs (as *Euſtathius* had before obſerv'd.) To judge rightly of compariſons, we are not to examine if the ſubject from whence they are deriv'd be great or little, noble or familiar: but we are principally to conſider if the image produc'd be clear and lively, if the Poet has the ſkill to dignify it by poetical words, and if it perfectly

O'er his broad back his moony ſhield he threw,
And glaring round, by tardy ſteps withdrew.

Thus perfectly paints the thing it is intended to repreſent. A company of boys whipping a top is very far from a great and noble ſubject, yet *Virgil* has not ſcrupled to draw from it a ſimilitude which admirably expreſſes a Princeſs in the violence of her paſſion.

Cen quondam torto volitans ſub verbere turbo,
Quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum
Intenti ludo exercent; ille actus habena
Curvatis fertur ſpatiis: ſtupet inſcia ſupra
Impubeſque manus, mirata volubile buxum:
Dant animos plagæ——&c. Æn. lib. 7.

However, upon the whole, a tranſlator owes ſo much to the taſte of the age in which he lives, as not to make too great a complement to a former; and this induced me to omit the mention of the word *Aſs* in the tranſlation. I believe the reader will pardon me, if on this occaſion I tranſcribe a paſſage from Mr. *Boileau's* notes on *Longinus*

"There is nothing (ſays he) that more diſgraces a compoſition "than the uſe of mean and vulgar words; inſomuch that (gene- "rally ſpeaking) a mean thought expreſs'd in noble terms, is more "tolerable, than a noble thought expreſs'd in mean ones. The "reaſon whereof is, that all the world are not capable to judge "of the juſtneſs and force of a thought; but there's ſcarce any "man who cannot, eſpecially in a living language, perceive the "leaſt meanneſs of words. Nevertheleſs, very few writers are "free from this vice: *Longinus* accuſes *Herodotus*, the moſt polite "of all the *Greek* Hiſtorians, of this defect; and *Livy*, *Salluſt*, and "*Virgil* have not eſcaped the ſame cenſure. Is it not then very "ſurprizing, that no reproach on this account has been ever "caſt upon *Homer*? though he has compos'd two poems each "more voluminous than the *Æneid*; and though no author "whatever has deſcended more frequently than he into a detail "of little particularities; yet he never uſes terms which are "not noble, or if he uſes humble words or phraſes, it "is with ſo much art, that, as *Dionyſius* obſerves, they

Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beſet with watchful dogs, and ſhouting ſwains,
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly ſtalls,
Tho' rage impells him, and tho' hunger calls,
Long ſtands the ſhow'ring darts, and miſſile fires;
Then ſow'rly ſlow th' indignant beaſt retires.
So turn'd ſtern *Ajax*, by whole hoſts repell'd,
While his ſwoln heart at ev'ry ſtep rebell'd.
As the ſlow beaſt with heavy ſtrength indu'd,
In ſome wide field by troops of boys purſu'd,

" become noble and harmonious. Undoubtedly, if there had been
" any cauſe to charge him with this fault, *Longinus* had ſpared him
" no more than *Herodotus*. We may learn from hence the igno-
" rance of thoſe modern criticks, who reſolving to judge of the
" *Greek* without the knowledge of it, and never reading *Homer* but
" in low and inelegant tranſlations, impute the meanneſſes of his
" tranſlators to the Poet himſelf; and ridiculouſly blame a man
" who ſpoke in one language, for ſpeaking what is not elegant
" in another. They ought to know that the words of different
" languages are not always exactly correſpondent; and it may often
" happen that a word which is very noble in *Greek*, cannot be ren-
" der'd in another tongue but by one which is very mean. Thus
" the word *aſinus* in *Latin*, and *aſs* in *Engliſh*, are the vileſt ima-
" ginable, but that which ſignifies the ſame animal in *Greek* and
" *Hebrew*, is of dignity enough to be employed on the moſt magni-
" ficent occaſions. In like manner the terms of a *hogherd* and *Cow-
" keeper* in our language are inſufferable, but thoſe which anſwer
" to them in *Greek*, συβώτης and βυκόλος, are graceful and harmo-
" nious: and *Virgil*, who in his own tongue entitled his Eclogs
" *Bucolica*, would have been aſhamed to have called them in ours,
" the *Dialogues of Cowkeepers*.

Tho' round his ſides a wooden tempeſt rain,
Crops the tall harveſt, and lays waſte the plain;
Thick on his hide the hollow blows reſound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And ſtirs but ſlowly when he ſtirs at laſt.
On *Ajax* thus a weight of *Trojans* hung,
The ſtrokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky ſtrength he ſtands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands;
Now ſtiff recedes, yet hardly ſeems to fly,
And threats his followers with retorted eye.
Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,
While hiſſing darts deſcend in iron ſhow'rs:
In his broad buckler many a weapon ſtood,
Its ſurface briſtled with a quiv'ring wood;
And many a javelin, guiltleſs on the plain,
Marks the dry duſt, and thirſts for blood in vain.
But bold *Eurypylus* his aid imparts,
And dauntleſs ſprings beneath a cloud of darts;
Whoſe eager javelin launch'd againſt the foe,
Great *Apiſaon* felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
And his ſlack knees deſert their dying load.

The

The victor rushing to despoil the dead,
From *Paris'* bow a vengeful arrow fled.
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
Back to the lines the wounded *Greek* retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his associates fir'd.
What God, O *Grecians!* has your hearts dismay'd?
Oh, turn to arms; 'tis *Ajax* claims your aid.
This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,
And this the last brave battel he shall wage:
Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warrior rescue, and your country save.

v. 712. *Back to the lines the wounded* Greek *retir'd.*] We see here almost all the chiefs of the *Grecian* army withdrawn: *Nestor* and *Ulysses*, the two great counsellors; *Agamemnon*, *Diomed* and *Eurypylus*, the bravest warriors; all retreated: So that now in this necessity of the *Greeks*, there was occasion for the Poet to open a new scene of action, or else the *Trojans* had been victorious, and the *Grecians* driven from the shores of *Troy*. To shew the distress of the *Greeks* at this period, from which the poem takes a new turn, 'twill be convenient to cast a view on the posture of their affairs: All human aid is cut off by the wounds of their heroes, and all assistance from the Gods forbid by *Jupiter*: Whereas the *Trojans* see their general at their head, and *Jupiter* himself fights on their side. Upon this hinge turns the whole poem; the distress of the *Greeks* occasions first the assistance of *Patroclus*, and then the death of that hero draws on the return of *Achilles*. It is with great art that the Poet conducts all these incidents: He lets *Achilles* have the pleasure of seeing that the *Greeks* were no longer able to carry on the war without his assistance: and upon this depends the great catastrophe of the poem. *Eustathius.*

Thus urg'd the chief; a gen'rous troop appears,
Who ſpread their bucklers, and advance their ſpears,
To guard their wounded friend: While thus they ſtand
With pious care, great *Ajax* joins the band:
Each takes new courage at the hero's ſight;
The hero rallies, and renews the fight.
Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,
While *Neſtor*'s chariot far from fight retires:
His courſers ſteep'd in ſweat, and ſtain'd with gore,
The *Greeks* preſerver, great *Machaon* bore.
That hour, *Achilles* from the topmoſt height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
His feaſted eyes beheld around the plain
The *Grecian* rout, the ſlaying, and the ſlain.
His friend *Machaon* ſingled from the reſt,
A tranſient pity touch'd his vengeful breaſt,

Strait

v. 730. *That hour* Achilles, &c.] Tho' the reſentment of *Achilles* would not permit him to be an actor in the battel, yet his love of war inclines him to be a ſpectator: And as the Poet did not intend to draw the character of a perfect man in *Achilles*, he makes him delighted with the deſtruction of the *Greeks*, becauſe it conſpired with his revenge: That reſentment, which is the ſubject of the poem, ſtill prevails over all his other paſſions, even the love of his country; for tho' he begins now to pity his countrymen, yet his anger ſtifles thoſe tender emotions, and he ſeems pleas'd with their diſtreſs, becauſe he judges it will contribute to his glory. *Euſtathius.*

v. 734. *His friend* Machaon, &c.] It may be ask'd why *Ma-*

Strait to *Menœtius'* much-lov'd ſon he ſent;
Graceful as *Mars*, *Patroclus* quits his tent.
(In evil hour! Then fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come!)
Why calls my friend? thy lov'd injunctions lay,
Whate'er thy will, *Patroclus* ſhall obey.
O firſt of friends! (*Pelides* thus reply'd)
Still at my heart, and ever at my ſide!
The time is come, when yon' deſpairing hoſt
Shall learn the value of the man they loſt:
Now at my knees the *Greeks* ſhall pour their moan,
And proud *Atrides* tremble on his throne.

chaon is the only perſon whom *Achilles* pities? *Euſtathius* anſwers, that it was either becauſe he was his countryman, a *Theſſalian*; or becauſe *Æſculapius*, the father of *Machaon*, preſided over phyſick, the profeſſion of his preceptor *Chiron*. But perhaps it may be a better reaſon to ſay that a Phyſician is a publick good, and was valued by the whole army; and it is not improbable but he might have cured *Achilles* of a wound during the courſe of the *Trojan* wars.

v. 746. *Now at my knees the* Greeks *ſhall pour their moan.*] The Poet by putting theſe words into the mouth of *Achilles*, leaves room for a ſecond embaſſy, and (ſince *Achilles* himſelf mentions it) one may think it would not have been unſucceſsful; But the Poet, by a more happy management, makes his friend *Patroclus* the advocate of the *Greeks*, and by that means his return becomes his own choice. This conduct admirably maintains the character of *Achilles*, who does not aſſiſt the *Greeks* thro' his kindneſs to them; but from a deſire of revenge upon the *Trojans*: His preſent anger for the death of his friend, blots out the former one for the injury of *Agamemnon*; and as he ſeparated from the army in a rage, ſo he joins it again in the like diſpoſition. *Euſtathius.*

Go now to *Neſtor*, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought?
For ſeen at diſtance, and but ſeen behind,
His form recall'd *Machaon* to my mind;
Nor could I, thro' yon' cloud, diſcern his face,
The courſers paſt me with ſo ſwift a pace.
The hero ſaid. His friend obey'd with haſte,
Thro' intermingled ſhips and tents he paſt;
The chiefs deſcending from their car he found;
The panting ſteeds *Eurymedon* unbound.
The warrior's ſtanding on the breezy ſhore,
To dry their ſweat, and waſh away the gore,
Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freſhneſs the cool ſeas exhale;
Then to conſult on farther methods went,
And took their ſeats beneath the ſhady tent.
The draught preſcrib'd, fair *Hecamede* prepares,
Arſinous' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs:

v. 763. *And took their ſeats beneath the ſhady tent.*] The Poet here ſteals away the reader from the battel, and relieves him by the deſcription of *Neſtor's* entertainment. I hope to be pardon'd for having more than once repeated this obſervation, which extends to ſeveral paſſages of *Homer*. Without this piece of conduct, the frequency and length of his battels might fatigue the reader, who could not ſo long be delighted with continued ſcenes of blood.

(Whom

(Whom to his aged arms, a royal ſlave,
Greece, as the prize of *Neſtor*'s wiſdom, gave)
A table firſt with azure feet ſhe plac'd;
Whoſe ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:
Honey new-preſs'd, the ſacred flow'r of wheat,
And wholſome garlick crown'd the ſav'ry treat.
Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
A goblet ſacred to the *Pylian* Kings,
From eldeſt times: emboſs'd with ſtuds of gold,
Two feet ſupport it, and four handles hold;
On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
In ſculptur'd gold, two turtles ſeem to drink:
A maſſy weight, yet heav'd with eaſe by him,
When the brisk Nectar overlook'd the brim.
Temper'd

v. 773. *A goblet ſacred to the* Pylian *Kings.*] There are ſome who can find out a myſtery in the plaineſt things; they can ſee what the author never meant, and explain him into the greateſt obſcurities. *Euſtathius* here gives us a very extraordinary inſtance of this nature: The bowl by an allegory figures the World; the ſpherical form of it repreſents its roundneſs; the *Greek* word, which ſignifies the *Doves*, being ſpell'd almoſt like the *Pleiades*, is ſaid to mean that conſtellation; and becauſe the Poet tells us the bowl was ſtudded with gold; thoſe ſtuds muſt needs imply the ſtars.

v. 778. *Yet heav'd with eaſe by him.*] There has ever been a great diſpute about this paſſage; nor is it apparent for what reaſon the Poet ſhould tell us that *Neſtor*, even in his old age, could more eaſily lift this bowl than any other man. This has drawn a great deal of raillery upon the old man, as if he had learn'd to lift it by frequent uſe; an inſinuation that *Neſtor* was no enemy to

Temper'd in this, the Nymph of form divine
Pours a large potion of the *Pramnian* wine;

wine. Others with more juſtice to his character have put another conſtruction upon the words, which ſolves the improbability very naturally. According to this opinion, the word which is uſually ſuppoſed to ſignify *another man*, is render'd *another old man*, meaning *Machaon*, whoſe wound made him incapable to lift it. This would have taken away the difficulty without any violence to the conſtruction. But *Euſtathius* tells us, the propriety of ſpeech would require the word to be, not ἄλλον but ἕτερον, when ſpoken but of two. But why then may it not ſignify any other *old men?*

v. 781. *Pours a large potion.*] The potion which *Hecamede* here prepares for *Machaon*, has been thought a very extraordinary one in the caſe of a wounded perſon, and by ſome criticks held in the ſame degree of repute with the balſam of *Fierabras* in *Don Quixot*. But it is rightly obſerved by the commentators, that *Machaon* was not ſo dangerouſly hurt, as to be obliged to a different regimen from what he might uſe at another time. *Homer* had juſt told us that he ſtay'd on the ſea-ſide to refreſh himſelf, and he now enters into a long converſation with *Neſtor*; neither of which would have been done by a man in any great pain or danger: his loſs of blood and ſpirits might make him not ſo much in fear of a feaver, as in want of a cordial; and accordingly this potion is rather alimentary than medicinal. If it had been directly improper in this caſe, I cannot help fancying that *Homer* would not have fail'd to tell us of *Machaon*'s rejecting it. Yet after all, ſome anſwer may be made even to the grand objection, that wine was too inflammatory for a wounded man. *Hippocrates* allows wine in acute caſes, and even without water in caſes of indigeſtion. He ſays indeed in his book of ancient medicine, that the ancients were ignorant both of the good and bad qualities of wine: and yet the potion here preſcrib'd will not be allow'd by phyſicians to be an inſtance that they were ſo; for wine might be proper for *Machaon*, not only as a cordial, but as an *opiate*. *Aſclepiades*, a phyſician who flouriſh'd at *Rome* in the time of *Pompey*, preſcrib'd wine in feavers, and even in phrenzies to cauſe ſleep. *Cœlius Aurelianus*, *lib.* 4. *c.* 14.

With

With goat's-milk cheeſe a flav'rous taſte beſtows,
And laſt with flour the ſmiling ſurface ſtrows.
This for the wounded Prince the dame prepares;
The cordial bev'rage rev'rend *Neſtor* ſhares:
Salubrious draughts the warrior's thirſt allay,
And pleaſing conference beguiles the day.
Mean time *Patroclus*, by *Achilles* ſent,
Unheard approach'd, and ſtood before the tent.
Old *Neſtor* riſing then, the hero led
To his high ſeat; the chief refus'd, and ſaid,
'Tis now no ſeaſon for theſe kind delays;
The great *Achilles* with impatience ſtays.
To great *Achilles* this reſpect I owe;
Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was born from combat by thy foaming ſteeds?
With grief I ſee the great *Machaon* bleeds.
This to report, my haſty courſe I bend;
Thou know'ſt the fiery temper of my friend.
Can then the ſons of *Greece* (the ſage rejoin'd)
Excite compaſſion in *Achilles'* mind?

Seeks

v. 800. *Can then the ſons of* Greece, *&c.*] It is cuſtomary with thoſe who tranſlate or comment on an author, to uſe him as they do their miſtreſs; they can ſee no faults, or convert his very faults into beauties; but I cannot be ſo partial to *Homer*, as to imagine that this ſpeech of *Neſtor's* is not greatly blameable for being

Seeks he the ſorrows of our hoſt to know?
This is not half the ſtory of our woe.
Tell him, not great *Machaon* bleeds alone,
Our braveſt heroes in the navy groan;

Ulyſſes,

being too long: he crouds incident upon incident, and when he ſpeaks of himſelf, he expatiates upon his own great actions, very naturally indeed to old age, but unſeaſonably in the preſent juncture. When he comes to ſpeak of his killing the ſon of *Augias*, he is ſo pleas'd with himſelf, that he forgets the diſtreſs of the army, and cannot leave his favourite ſubject till he has given us the pedigree of his relations, his wife's name, her excellence, the command he bore, and the fury with which he aſſaulted him. Theſe and many other circumſtances, as they have no viſible alluſion to the deſign of the ſpeech, ſeem to be unfortunately introduc'd. In ſhort, I think they are not ſo valuable upon any other account, as becauſe they preſerve a piece of ancient hiſtory, which had otherwiſe been loſt.

What tends yet farther to make this ſtory ſeem abſurd, is what *Patroclus* ſaid at the beginning of the ſpeech, that he *had not leiſure even to ſit down*; ſo that *Neſtor* detains him in the tent ſtanding, during the whole narration.

They that are of the contrary opinion obſerve, that there is a great deal of art in ſome branches of the diſcourſe; that when *Neſtor* tells *Patroclus* how he had himſelf diſobey'd his father's commands for the ſake of his country; he ſays it to make *Achilles* reflect that he diſobeys his father by the contrary behaviour: that what he did himſelf was to retaliate a ſmall injury, but *Achilles* by fighting may ſave the *Grecian* army. He mentions the wound of *Agamemnon* at the very beginning, with an intent to give *Achilles* a little revenge, and that he may know how much his greateſt enemy has ſuffer'd by his abſence. There are many other arguments brought in the defence of particular parts; and it may not be from the purpoſe to obſerve, that *Neſtor* might deſignedly protract the ſpeech, that *Patroclus* might himſelf behold the diſtreſs of the army: thus every moment he detain'd him, enforced his arguments by the growing misfortunes of the *Greeks*. Whether

this

Ulyſſes, *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*,
And ſtern *Eurypylus*, already bleed.
But ah! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain?
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain;
Ev'n till the flames conſume our fleet, he ſtays,
And waits the riſing of the fatal blaze.
Chief after Chief the raging foe deſtroys;
Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.
Now the ſlow courſe of all-impairing time
Unſtrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
Oh! had I ſtill that ſtrength my youth poſſeſs'd,
When this bold arm th' *Epeian* pow'rs oppreſs'd,
The bulls of *Elis* in glad triumph led,
And ſtretch'd the great *Itymoneus* dead!

this was the intention or not, it muſt be allowed that the ſtay of *Patroclus* was very happy for the *Greeks*; for by this means he met *Eurypylus* wounded, who confirm'd him into a certainty that their affairs were deſperate, without *Achilles*'s aid.

As for *Neſtor*'s ſecond ſtory, it is much eaſier to be defended; it tends directly to the matter in hand, and is told in ſuch a manner as to affect both *Patroclus* and *Achilles*; the circumſtances are well adapted to the perſon to whom they are ſpoken, and by repeating their father's inſtructions, he as it were brings them in, ſeconding his admonitions.

v. 818. *The bulls of* Elis *in glad triumph led.*] *Elis* is the whole ſouthern part of *Peloponneſus*, between *Achaia* and *Meſſenia*; it was originally divided into ſeveral diſtricts or principalities, afterwards it was reduc'd to two; the one of the *Eleans*, who were the ſame with the *Epeians*; the other of *Neſtor*. This remark is neceſſary for the underſtanding what follows. In *Homer*'s time the city *Elis* was not built. *Dacier.*

Then, from my fury fled the trembling ſwains,
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of ſwine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine;
And thrice the number of unrival'd ſteeds,
All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds.
Theſe, as my firſt eſſay of arms, I won;
Old *Neleus* glory'd in his conqu'ring ſon.
Thus *Elis* forc'd, her long arrears reſtor'd,
And ſhares were parted to each *Pylian* Lord.
The ſtate of *Pyle* was ſunk to laſt deſpair,
When the proud *Elians* firſt commenc'd the war.
For *Neleus'* ſons *Alcides'* rage had ſlain:
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
Oppreſs'd, we arm'd; and now, this conqueſt gain'd,
My fire three hundred choſen ſheep obtain'd.
(That large repriſal he might juſtly claim,
For prize defrauded, and inſulted fame,
When *Elis'* Monarch at the publick courſe
Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horſe.)

The

v. 838. *At the publick courſe Detain'd his chariot.*] 'Tis ſaid that there were particular games, which *Augias* had eſtabliſh'd in his own ſtate, and that the *Olympic* games cannot be here underſtood, becauſe *Hercules* did not inſtitute them till he had kill'd

The reſt the people ſhar'd; my ſelf ſurvey'd
The juſt partition, and due victims pay'd
Three days were paſt, when *Elis* roſe to war,
With many a courſer, and with many a car;
The ſons of *Actor* at their army's head
(Young as they were) the vengeful ſquadrons led.
High on a rock fair *Thryoëſſa* ſtands,
Our utmoſt frontier on the *Pylian* lands;
Nor far the ſtreams of fam'd *Alpheus* flow;
The ſtream they paſs'd, and pitch'd their tents below.
Pallas, deſcending in the ſhades of night,
Alarms the *Pylians*, and commands the fight.

kill'd this King, and deliver'd his kingdom to *Phyleus*, whom his father *Augias* had baniſh'd. The prizes of theſe games of *Augias* were prizes of wealth, as golden tripods, *&c.* whereas the prizes of the *Olympic* games were only plain chaplets of leaves or branches: beſides, 'tis probable *Homer* knew nothing of theſe chaplets given at the games, nor of the triumphal crowns, nor of the garlands wore at feaſts; if he had, he would ſome where or other have mention'd them. *Euſtathius.*

v. 844. *The ſons of* Actor.] Theſe are the ſame whom *Homer* calls the two *Molions*, namely, *Eurytus* and *Creatus*. *Thryoëſſa* in the lines following, is the ſame town which he calls *Thryon* in the catalogue. The river *Minyas* is the ſame with *Anygrus*, about half way between *Pylos* and *Thryoëſſa*, call'd *Minyas* from the *Minyans* who liv'd on the banks of it. It appears from what the Poet ſays of the time of their march, that it is half a day's march between *Pyles* and *Thryoëſſa*. *Euſtathius. Strabo, lib.* 8.

Each

Each burns for fame, and ſwells with martial pride;
My ſelf the foremoſt; but my ſire deny'd;
Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to ſtern alarms;
And ſtopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.
My ſire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
Amidſt our chariots: for the Goddeſs led.
Along fair *Arene*'s delightful plain,
Soft *Minyas* rolls his waters to the main.
There, horſe and foot, the *Pylian* troops unite,
And ſheath'd in arms expect the dawning light.
Thence, e'er the ſun advanc'd his noonday flame,
To great *Alpheus*' ſacred ſource we came,
There firſt to *Jove* our ſolemn rites were paid;
An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd maid,
A bull *Alpheus*; and a bull was ſlain
To the blue Monarch of the wat'ry main.
In arms we ſlept, beſide the winding flood,
While round the town the fierce *Epeians* ſtood.
Soon as the ſun, with all-revealing ray,
Flam'd in the front of Heav'n, and gave the day;
Bright ſcenes of arms, and works of war appear;
The nations meet; there *Pylos*, *Elis* here.
The firſt who fell, beneath my jav'lin bled;
King *Augias*' ſon, and ſpouſe of *Agamede:*

(She

(She that all ſimple's healing virtues knew,
And ev'ry herb that drinks the morning dew.)
I ſeiz'd his car, the van of battel led;
Th' *Epeians* ſaw, they trembled, and they fled.
The foe diſpers'd, their braveſt warrior kill'd,
Fierce as a whirlwind now I ſwept the field:
Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train;
Two chiefs from each fell breathleſs to the plain.
Then *Actor*'s ſons had dy'd, but *Neptune* ſhrouds
The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.
O'er heapy ſhields, and o'er the proſtrate throng,
Collecting ſpoils, and ſlaught'ring all along,
Thro' wide *Buprafian* fields we forc'd the foes,
Where o'er the vales th' *Olenian* rocks aroſe;
Till *Pallas* ſtop'd us where *Aliſium* flows.
Ev'n there, the hindmoſt of their rear I ſlay,
And the ſame arm that led, concludes the day;
Then back to *Pyle* triumphant take my way.
There to high *Jove* were publick thanks aſſign'd
As firſt of Gods, to *Neſtor*, of mankind.

v. 894. *There to high* Jove *were publick thanks aſſign'd*
As firſt of Gods, to Neſtor, *of mankind.*]
There is a reſemblance between this paſſage and one in the ſacred ſcripture, where all the congregation *bleſſed the Lord God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worſhipped the Lord, and the King*, 1 Chron. 29. 20.

Such

Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
So prov'd my valour for my countrey's good.
Achilles with unactive fury glows,
And gives to paſſion what to *Greece* he owes.
How ſhall he grieve, when to th' eternal ſhade
Her hoſts ſhall ſink, nor his the pow'r to aid?
Oh friend! my memory recalls the day,
When gath'ring aids along the *Grecian* ſea,
I, and *Ulyſſes*, touch'd at *Pthia*'s port,
And enter'd *Peleus*' hoſpitable court.
A bull to *Jove* he ſlew in ſacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thy ſelf, *Achilles*, and thy rev'rend ſire
Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
Achilles ſees us, to the feaſt invites;
Social we ſit, and ſhare the genial rites.
We then explain'd the cauſe on which we came,
Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient fathers gen'rous precepts gave;
Peleus ſaid only this,—— " My ſon! be brave.

Menœtius

v. 915. Peleus *ſaid only this,—— " My ſon, be brave.*] The conciſeneſs of this advice is very beautiful; *Achilles* being haſty, active, and young, might not have burthen'd his memory with a long diſcourſe: therefore *Peleus* comprehends all his inſtructions in

Menœtius thus; " Tho' great *Achilles* ſhine
" In ſtrength ſuperior, and of race divine,
" Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
" Let thy juſt counſels aid, and rule thy friend.
Thus ſpoke your father at *Theſſalia*'s court;
Words now forgot, tho' now of vaſt import.
Ah! try the utmoſt that a friend can ſay,
Such gentle force the fierceſt minds obey;
Some fav'ring God *Achilles'* heart may move;
Tho' deaf to glory, he may yield to love.
If ſome dire oracle his breaſt alarm,
If ought from heav'n with-hold his ſaving arm;

Some-

in one ſentence. But *Menœtius* ſpeaks more largely to *Patroclus*, he being more advanc'd in years, and mature in judgment; and we ſee by the manner of the expreſſion, that he was ſent with *Achilles*, not only as a companion but as a monitor, of which *Neſtor* puts him in mind, to ſhew that it is rather his duty to give good advice to *Achilles*, than to follow his caprice, and eſpouſe his reſentment. *Euſtathius.*

v. 922. *Ah! try the utmoſt*, &c.] It may not be ungrateful to the reader to ſee at one view the aim and deſign of *Neſtor*'s ſpeech. By putting *Patroclus* in mind of his father's injunctions, he provokes him to obey him by a like zeal for his countrey: by the mention of the ſacrifice, he reprimands him for a breach of thoſe engagements to which the Gods were witneſſes: by ſaying that the very arms of *Achilles* would reſtore the fortunes of *Greece*, he makes a high complement to that hero, and offers a powerful inſinuation to *Patroclus* at the ſame time, by giving him to underſtand, that he may perſonate *Achilles*. *Euſtathius.*

v. 927. *If ought from heav'n with-hold his ſaving arm.*] *Neſtor* ſays

Some beam of comfort yet on *Greece* may ſhine,
If thou but lead the *Myrmidonian* line;
Clad in *Achilles'* arms, if thou appear,
Proud *Troy* may tremble, and deſiſt from war;
Preſs'd by freſh forces her o'er-labour'd train
Shall ſeek their walls, and *Greece* reſpire again.
This touch'd his gen'rous heart, and from the tent
Along the ſhore with haſty ſtrides he went;
Soon as he came, where, on the crowded ſtrand,
The publick mart and courts of juſtice ſtand,
Where the tall fleet of great *Ulyſſes* lies,
And altars to the guardian Gods ariſe:
There ſad he met the brave *Evæmon's* ſon,
Large painful drops from all his members run.
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The ſable blood in circles mark'd the ground,
As faintly reeling he confeſs'd the ſmart;
Weak was his pace, but dauntleſs was his heart.

ſays this upon account of what *Achilles* himſelf ſpoke in the ninth book; and it is very much to the purpoſe, for nothing could ſooner move *Achilles*, than to make him think it was the general report in the army, that he ſhut himſelf up in his tent for no other reaſon but to eſcape death, with which his mother had threaten'd him in diſcovering to him the decrees of the deſtinies. *Dacier.*

Divine

Divine compaſſion touch'd *Patroclus'* breaſt,
Who ſighing, thus his bleeding friend addreſt.
Ah hapleſs leaders of the *Grecian* hoſt!
Thus muſt ye periſh on a barb'rous coaſt?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore?
Far from your friends, and from your native ſhore!
Say, great *Eurypylus!* ſhall *Greece* yet ſtand?
Reſiſt ſhe yet the raging *Hector's* hand?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with ſhame,
And this the period of our wars and fame?
Eurypylus replies: no more (my friend)
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
Ev'n to the ſhips victorious *Troy* purſues,
Her force encreaſing, as her toil renews.
Thoſe chiefs, that us'd her utmoſt rage to meet,
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.
But thou, *Patroclus!* act a friendly part,
Lead to my ſhips, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water waſh the gore away,
With healing balms the raging ſmart allay,
Such as ſage *Chiron*, Sire of *Pharmacy*,
Once taught *Achilles*, and *Achilles* thee.

Of two fam'd ſurgeons, *Podalirius* ſtands
This hour ſurrounded by the *Trojan* bands;
And great *Machaon*, wounded in his tent;
Now wants that ſuccour which ſo oft' he lent;
To him the chief. What then remains to do?
Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.
Charg'd by *Achilles'* great command I fly,
And bear with haſte the *Pylian* King's reply:
But thy diſtreſs this inſtant claims relief.
He ſaid, and in his arms upheld the chief.
The ſlaves their maſter's ſlow approach ſurvey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor diſplay'd:
There ſtretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
Patroclus cut the forky ſteel away.

v. 968. *Of two fam'd ſurgeons.*] Tho' *Podalirius* is mention'd firſt for the ſake of the verſe, both here and in the catalogue, *Machaon* ſeems to be the perſon of the greateſt character upon many accounts: beſides, it is to him that *Homer* attributes the cure of *Philoctetes*, who was lame by having let an arrow dipt in the gall of the *Hydra* of *Lerna* fall upon his foot; a plain mark that *Machaon* was an abler phyſician than *Chiron* the centaure, who could not cure himſelf of ſuch a wound. *Podalirius* had a ſon named *Hypolochus*, from whom the famous *Hippocrates* was deſcended.

v. 976. *But thy diſtreſs this inſtant claims relief.*] *Euſtathius* remarks, that *Homer* draws a great advantage for the conduct of his poem from this incident of the ſtay of *Patroclus*; for while he is employ'd in the friendly task of taking care of *Eurypylus*, he becomes an eye-witneſs of the attack upon the entrenchments, and finds the neceſſity of uſing his utmoſt efforts to move *Achilles*.

Then

Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd;
The wound he waſh'd, the ſtyptick juice infus'd.
The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.





THE TWELFTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

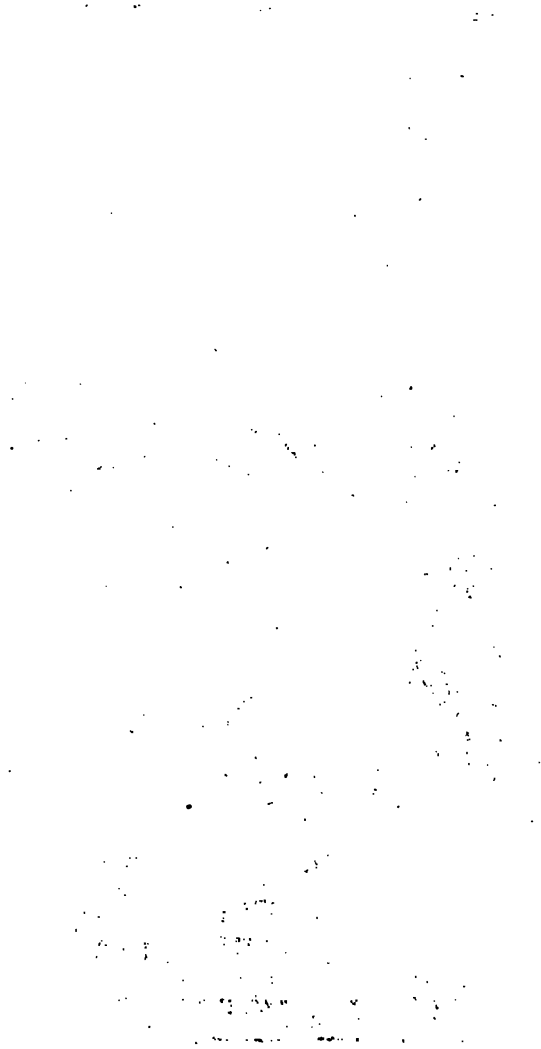
The

The ARGUMENT.

The battel at the *Grecian* wall.

THE Greeks *being retir'd into their entrenchments,* Hector *attempts to force them; but it proving impoſſible to paſs the ditch,* Polydamas *adviſes to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The* Trojans *follow his counſel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the aſſault. But upon the ſignal of an eagle with a ſerpent in his talons, which appear'd on the left hand of the* Trojans, Polydamas *endeavours to withdraw them again. This* Hector *oppoſes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions,* Sarpedon *makes the firſt breach in the wall:* Hector *alſo caſting a ſtone of a vaſt ſize, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriouſly purſue the* Grecians *even to their ſhips.*

THE





Hector returning & having driven the Greeks to their Retrenchments attacks them therein with fury, breaks down a passage with a stone of an enormous size, enters at the head of his Troops & persues them to their ships.



THE

*TWELFTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and ſafety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and *Greeks* with claſhing ſhields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.

Nor

* It may be proper here to take a general view of the conduct of the Iliad: the whole deſign turns upon the wrath of *Achilles*: that wrath is not to be appeas'd but by the calamities of the *Greeks*, who are taught by their frequent defeats the importance of this hero: for in Epic, as in Tragic poe-

Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppoſe;
With Gods averſe th' ill-fated works aroſe;
Their pow'rs neglected, and no victim ſlain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches ſunk in vain.
Without the Gods, how ſhort a period ſtands
The proudeſt monument of mortal hands!
This ſtood, while *Hector* and *Achilles* rag'd
While ſacred *Troy* the warring hoſts engag'd;
But when her ſons were ſlain, her city burn'd,
And what ſurviv'd of *Greece* to *Greece* return'd;
Then *Neptune* and *Apollo* ſhook the ſhore,
Then *Ida*'s ſummits pour'd their wat'ry ſtore;

Rheſus

try, there ought to be ſome evident and neceſſary incident at the winding up of the cataſtrophe; and that ſhould be founded upon ſome viſible diſtreſs. This conduct has an admirable effect, not only as it gives an air of probability to the relation, by allowing leiſure to the wrath of *Achilles* to cool and die away by degrees, (who is every where deſcrib'd as a perſon of a ſtubborn reſentment, and conſequently ought not to be eaſily reconcil'd) but alſo as it highly contributes to the honour of *Achilles*, which was to be fully ſatisfy'd before he could relent.

v. 9. *Without the Gods, how ſhort a period*, &c.] *Homer* here teaches a truth conformable to ſacred ſcripture, and almoſt in the very words of the *Pſalmiſt*; *Unleſs the Lord build the houſe, they labour in vain that build it.*

v. 15. *Then* Neptune *and* Apollo, &c.] This whole Epiſode of the deſtruction of the wall is ſpoken as a kind of prophecy, where *Homer* in a poetical enthuſiaſm relates what was to happen in future ages. It has been conjectur'd from hence that our author flouriſh'd not long after the *Trojan* war; for had he

Rheſus and *Rhodius* then unite their rills,
Careſus roaring down the ſtony hills,
Æſepus, *Granicus*, with mingled force,
And *Xanthus* foaming from his fruitful ſource;

And

lived at a greater diſtance, there had been no occaſion to have recourſe to ſuch extraordinary means to deſtroy a wall, which would have been loſt and worn away by time alone. *Homer* (ſays *Ariſtotle*) foreſaw the queſtion might be ask'd, how it came to paſs that no ruins remain'd of ſo great a work? and therefore contriv'd to give his fiction the neareſt reſemblance to truth. Inundations and earthquakes are ſufficient to aboliſh the ſtrongeſt works of man, ſo as not to leave the leaſt remains where they ſtood. But we are told this in a manner wonderfully noble and poetical: we ſee *Apollo* turning the courſe of the rivers againſt the wall, *Jupiter* opening the cataracts of heaven, and *Neptune* rending the foundations with his trident: that is, the ſun exhales the vapours, which deſcend in rain from the air or *Æther*; this rain cauſes an inundation, and that inundation overturns the wall. Thus the poetry of *Homer*, like magick, firſt raiſes a ſtupendous object, and then immediately cauſes it to vaniſh.

What farther ſtrengthens the opinion, that *Homer* was particularly careful to avoid the objection which thoſe of his own age might raiſe againſt the probability of this fiction, is, that the verſes which contain this account of the deſtruction of the wall ſeem to be added and interpolated after the firſt writing of the Iliad, by *Homer* himſelf. I believe the reader will incline to my opinion, if he conſiders the manner in which they are introduced, both here, and in the ſeventh book, where firſt this wall is mention'd. There, deſcribing how it was made, he ends with this line,

Ὡς οἱ μὲν τεῦχόν τε καὶ ἐπρήθοντο Ἀχαιοί.

After which is inſerted the debate of the Gods concerning the method of its deſtruction, at the concluſion whereof imme-

And gulphy *Simois*, rolling to the main
Helmets, and ſhields, and god-like heroes ſlain:
Theſe, turn'd by *Phœbus* from their wonted ways,
Delug'd the rampire nine continual days;
The weight of waters ſaps the yielding wall,
And to the ſea the floating bulwarks fall.
Inceſſant cataracts the thund'rer pours,
And half the skies deſcend in fluicy ſhow'rs.

diately follows a verſe that ſeems exactly to connect with the former,

Δύσετο δ' ἀίδηλον, τίτυσκετο δὲ ἴρηα Ἀχαιῶν.

In like manner in the preſent book, after the fourth verſe,

Τάφρῳ· ἔτι σχίσιν Δαναοὶ καὶ τείχεϊ ὄψεσθαι.

That which is now the thirty ſixth, ſeems originally to have follow'd.

Τείχεϊ· οὐδ' ἄμυδις, καναχὴ δὲ δέμεθλα πούρων, &c.

And all the lines between (which break the courſe of the narration, and are introduc'd in a manner not uſual in *Homer*) ſeem to have been added for the reaſon aboveſaid. I do not inſiſt much upon this obſervation, but I doubt not ſeveral will agree to it upon a review of the paſſages.

v. 24. *Nine continual days.*] Some of the ancients thought it incredible that a wall which was built in one day by the *Greeks*, ſhould reſiſt the joint efforts of three Deities nine days: to ſolve this difficulty, *Crates* the *Malleſian* was of opinion, that it ſhould be writ, ἐν ἦμαρ, *one day*. But there is no occaſion to have recourſe to ſo forc'd a ſolution; it being ſufficient to obſerve, that nothing but ſuch an extraordinary power could have ſo entirely ruin'd the wall, that not the leaſt remains of it ſhould appear; but ſuch a one, as we have before ſaid *Homer* ſtood in need of. *Euſtathius.*

The

The God of Ocean, marching ſtern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling ſhore,
Vaſt ſtones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the ſmoaky ruin in the waves.
Now ſmooth'd with ſand, and levell'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder ſtood;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
But this the Gods in later times perform;
As yet the bulwark ſtood, and brav'd the ſtorm;
The ſtrokes yet eccho'd of contending pow'rs;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood diſtain'd the [tow'rs.
Smote by the arm of *Jove*, with dire diſmay,
Cloſe by their hollow ſhips the *Grecians* lay;
Hector's approach in ev'ry wind they hear,
And *Hector's* fury ev'ry moment fear.
He, like a whirlwind, toſs'd the ſcatt'ring throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So 'midſt the dogs and hunter's daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion ſtands;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hiſſing javelins rain an iron ſtorm:
His pow'rs untam'd their bold aſſault defy,
And where he turns, the rout diſperſe, or die:

He foams, he glares, he bounds againſt them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompaſs'd *Hector* glows;
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches ſhows.
The panting ſteeds impatient fury breathe,
But ſnort and tremble at the gulph beneath;
Juſt on the brink, they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the skies reſound.
Eager they view'd the proſpect dark and deep.
Vaſt was the leap, and headlong hung the ſteep;
The bottom bare, (a formidable ſhow!)
And briſtled thick with ſharpen'd ſtakes below.
The foot alone this ſtrong defence could force,
And try the paſs impervious to the horſe.
This ſaw *Polydamas*; who, wiſely brave,
Reſtrain'd great *Hector*, and this counſel gave.
Oh thou! brave leader of our *Trojan* bands,
And you, confed'rate chiefs from foreign lands!
What entrance here can cumb'rous chariots find,
The ſtakes beneath, the *Grecian* walls behind?
No paſs thro' thoſe, without a thouſand wounds,
No ſpace for combat in yon' narrow bounds.
Proud of the favours mighty *Jove* has ſhown,
On certain dangers we too raſhly run:

If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
Oh may this inſtant end the *Grecian* name;
Here, far from *Argos*, let their heroes fall,
And one great day deſtroy, and bury all!
But ſhould they turn, and here oppreſs our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
In one promiſcuous carnage cruſh'd and bruis'd.
All *Troy* muſt periſh, if their arms prevail,
Nor ſhall a *Trojan* live to tell the tale.
Hear then, ye warriors! and obey with ſpeed;
Back from the trenches let your ſteeds be led;
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
Proceed on foot, and *Hector* lead the way.
So *Greece* ſhall ſtoop before our conqu'ring pow'r,
And this (if *Jove* conſent) her fatal hour.
This counſel pleas'd, the God-like *Hector* ſprung
Swift from his ſeat; his clanging armour rung.
The chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and iſſue on the plain.
By orders ſtrict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compell the courſers to their ranks behind.

The forces part in five diſtinguiſh'd bands,
And all obey their ſev'ral chief's commands.
The beſt and braveſt in the firſt conſpire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
Great *Hector* glories in the van of theſe,
Polydamas, and brave *Cebriones*.
Before the next the graceful *Paris* ſhines,
And bold *Alcathoüs*, and *Agenor* joins.
The ſons of *Priam* with the third appear,
Deiphobus, and *Helenus* the ſeer;
In arms with theſe the mighty *Aſius* ſtood,
Who drew from *Hyrtacus* his noble blood,
And whom *Arisbe's* yellow courſers bore,
The courſers fed on *Selle's* winding ſhore.
Antenor's ſons the fourth battalion guide,
And great *Æneas*, born on fount-full *Ide*.
Divine *Sarpedon* the laſt band obey'd,
Whom *Glaucus* and *Aſteropæus* aid,

v. 99. *The forces part in five diſtinguiſh'd bands.*] The *Trojan* army is divided into five parts, perhaps becauſe there were five gates in the wall, ſo that an attack might be made upon every gate at the ſame inſtant: By this means the *Greeks* would be obliged to diſunite, and form themſelves into as many bodies, to guard five places at the ſame time.

The Poet here breaks the thread of his narration, and ſtops to give us the names of the leaders of every battalion: By this conduct he prepares us for an action entirely new, and different from any other in the poem. *Euſtathius.*

Next

Next him, the braveſt at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hoſts he led.
Now with compacted ſhields, in cloſe array,
The moving legions ſpeed their headlong way:
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And ſee the *Grecians* gaſping at their feet.
While ev'ry *Trojan* thus, and ev'ry aid,
Th' advice of wiſe *Polydamas* obey'd;
Aſius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted courſers urg'd to meet the war.
Unhappy hero! and advis'd in vain!
Thoſe wheels returning ne'er ſhall mark the plain;
No more thoſe courſers with triumphant joy
Reſtore their maſter to the gates of *Troy!*.

v. 125. Aſius *alone confiding in his car.*] It appears from hence that the three captains who commanded each battalion, were not ſubordinate one to the other, but commanded ſeparately, each being impower'd to order his own troop as he thought fit. For otherwiſe *Aſius* had not been permitted to keep his chariot when the reſt were on foot. One may obſerve from hence, that *Homer* does not attribute the ſame regular diſcipline in war to the barbarous nations, which he had given to his *Grecians*; and he makes ſome uſe too of this defect, to caſt the more variety over this part of the deſcription. *Dacier.*

v. 127. *Unhappy hero!* &c.] *Homer* obſerves a poetical juſtice in relation to *Aſius*; he puniſhes his folly and impiety with death, and ſhews the danger of deſpiſing wiſe counſel, and blaſpheming the Gods. In purſuance of this prophecy, *Aſius* is killed in the thirteenth book by *Idomeneus.*

Black death attends behind the *Grecian* wall,
And great *Idomeneus* ſhall boaſt thy fall!
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain
The flying *Grecians* ſtrove their ſhips to gain;
Swift thro' the wall their horſe and chariots paſt,
The gates half-open'd to receive the laſt.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies;
His following hoſt with clamours rend the ſkies:
To plunge the *Grecians* headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain!
To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the *Lapithæ* warlike race deſcend;
This *Polypœtes*, great *Perithous*' heir,
And that *Leonteus*, like the God of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they riſe;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidſt the ſkies,
Whoſe ſpreading arms with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempeſt, and protect the ground;

v. 143. *This* Polypœtes—*And that* Leonteus, *&c.*] Theſe heroes are the originals of *Pandarus* and *Bitias* in *Virgil.* We ſee two gallant officers exhorting their ſoldiers to act bravely; but being deſerted by them, they execute their own commands, and maintain the paſs againſt the united force of the battalions of *Aſius*: Nor does the Poet tranſgreſs the bounds of probability in the ſtory: The *Greeks* from above beat off ſome of the *Trojans* with ſtones, and the gate-way being narrow, it was eaſy to be defended. *Euſtathius.*

High

High on the hills appears their ſtately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the ſtorm.
So graceful theſe, and ſo the ſhock they ſtand
Of raging *Aſius*, and his furious band.
Oreſtes, *Acamas* in front appear,
And *OEnomaus* and *Thoön* cloſe the rear;
In vain their clamours ſhake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow ſhields;
The fearleſs brothers on the *Grecians* call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
Ev'n when they ſaw *Troy*'s ſable troops impend,
And *Greece* tumultuous from her tow'rs deſcend,
Forth from the portals ruſh'd the intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breaſts, and ſtood themſelves the war.
So two wild boars ſpring furious from their den,
Rouz'd with the cries of dogs, and voice of men;
On ev'ry ſide the crackling trees they tear,
And root the ſhrubs, and lay the foreſt bare;
They gnaſh their tuſks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till ſome wide wound lets out their mighty ſoul.
Around their heads the whiſtling jav'lins ſung;
With ſounding ſtrokes their brazen targets rung:
Fierce was the fight, while yet the *Grecian* pow'rs
Maintain'd the walls and mann'd the lofty tow'rs:

To ſave their fleet, the laſt efforts they try,
And ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts fly.
As when ſharp *Boreas* blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings:
Beneath the low-hung clouds the ſheets of ſnow
Deſcend, and whiten all the fields below.
So faſt the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky ſhow'r;
Heavy, and thick, reſound the batter'd ſhields,
And the deaf eccho rattles round the fields.
With ſhame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,
The frantic *Aſius* thus accuſes heav'n:
In pow'rs immortal who ſhall now believe?
Can thoſe too flatter, and can *Jove* deceive?
What man could doubt but *Troy*'s victorious pow'r
Should humble *Greece*, and this her fatal hour?
But look how waſps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the entrance of their common hive,

v. 185. *The ſpeech of* Aſius.] This ſpeech of *Aſius* is very extravagant: He exclaims againſt *Jupiter* for a breach of promiſe, not becauſe he had broken his word, but becauſe he had not fulfill'd his own vain imaginations. This conduct, tho' very blameable in *Aſius*, is very natural to perſons under a diſappointment, who are ever ready to blame heaven, and turn their misfortunes into a crime. *Euſtathius.*

Dark'ning

Dark'ning the rock, while with unweary'd wings
They ſtrike th' aſſailants, and infix their ſtings;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce, theſe *Greeks* their laſt retreats defend.
Gods! ſhall two warriors only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the fates?
Theſe empty accents mingled with the wind,
Nor mov'd great *Jove's* unalterable mind;
To God-like *Hector* and his matchleſs might
Was ow'd the glory of the deſtin'd fight.
Like deeds of arms thro' all the forts were try'd,
And all the gates ſuſtain'd an equal tide;
Thro' the long walls the ſtony ſhow'rs were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flaſh of arms appear'd.
The ſpirit of a God my breaſt inſpire,
To raiſe each act to life, and ſing with fire!
While *Greece* unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
And all her guardian Gods, in deep diſmay,
With unaſſiſting arms deplor'd the day.
Ev'n yet the dauntleſs *Lapithæ* maintain
The dreadful paſs, and round them heap the ſlain.
Firſt *Damaſus*, by *Polypœtes'* ſteel,
Pierc'd thro' his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;

The

The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;
The warrior ſinks, tremendous now no more!
Next *Ormenus* and *Pylon* yield their breath:
Nor leſs *Leonteus* ſtrows the field with death;
Firſt thro' the belt *Hippomachus* he gor'd,
Then ſudden wav'd his unreſiſted ſword;
Antiphates, as thro' the ranks he broke,
The faulchion ſtruck, and fate purſu'd the ſtroke;
Iämenus, *Oreſtes*, *Menon*, bled;
And round him roſe a monument of dead.
Mean-time the braveſt of the *Trojan* crew
Bold *Hector* and *Polydamas* purſue;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rowling flames the fleet and wall.
Theſe on the farther bank now ſtood and gaz'd,
By heav'n alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd:
A ſignal omen ſtopp'd the paſſing hoſt,
Their martial fury in their wonder loſt.
Jove's bird on ſounding pinions beat the skies;
A bleeding ſerpent, of enormous ſize,

His

v. 233. Jove's *bird on ſounding pinions*, &c.] *Virgil* has imitated this paſſage in the eleventh *Æneid*, v. 751.

Utque volans altè raptum cùm fulva draconem
Fert aquila, implicuitque pedes, atque unguibus hæſit;

Saucius

His talons truſs'd; alive, and curling round,
He ſtung the bird, whoſe throat receiv'd the wound:
Mad with the ſmart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circles wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heav'ns with cries:
Amidſt the hoſt the fallen ſerpent lies:
They, pale with terror, mark its ſpires unroll'd,
And *Jove's* portent with beating hearts behold.
Then firſt *Polydamas* the ſilence broke,
Long weigh'd the ſignal, and to *Hector* ſpoke.
How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well meant, and ſentiments ſincere?

True

Saucius at ſerpens ſinuoſa volumina verſat,
Arrectiſque horret ſquamis, & ſibilat ore
Arduus inſurgens; illa haud minùs urget obunco
Luctantem roſtro; ſimul æthera verberat alis.

Which *Macrobius* compares with this of *Homer*, and gives the preference to the original, on account of *Virgil's* having neglected to ſpecify the *Omen*. *His prætermiſſis (quòd ſiniſtrâ veniens vincentium prohibebat acceſſum, & accepto à ſerpente morſu prædam dolore dejecit; factoque Tripudio ſoliſtimo, cum clamore dolorem teſtante, prætervolat) quæ animam parabolæ dabant, velut exanimè in lethis verſibus corpus remanſit. Sat. l. 5. c. 14.* But methinks this criticiſm might have been ſpared, had he conſider'd that *Virgil* had no deſign, or occaſion, to make an *Omen* of it; but took it only as a natural image, to paint the poſture of two warriors ſtruggling with each other.

v. 245. *The ſpeech of* Polydamas.] The addreſs of *Polydamas* to *Hector* in this ſpeech is admirable: He knew that the daring ſpirit of that hero would not ſuffer him to liſten to any [redacted]

True to thoſe counſels which I judge the beſt,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breaſt.
To ſpeak his thought, is ev'ry freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight;
And all I move, deferring to thy ſway,
But tends to raiſe that pow'r which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;
Seek not, this day, the *Grecian* ſhips to gain;
For ſure to warn us *Jove* his omen ſent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle, whoſe ſiniſter flight
Retards our hoſt, and fills our hearts with fright,
Diſmiſs'd his conqueſt in the middle skies,
Allow'd to ſeize, but not poſſeſs the prize;
Thus tho' we gird with fires the *Grecian* fleet,
Tho' theſe proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
Toils unforeſeen, and fiercer, are decreed;
More woes ſhall follow, and more heroes bleed.

tion of a retreat: He had already ſtorm'd the walls in imagination, and conſequently the advice of *Polydamas* was ſure to meet with a bad reception. He therefore ſoftens every expreſſion, and endeavours to flatter *Hector* into an aſſent; and tho' he is aſſured he gives a true interpretation of the prodigy, he ſeems to be diffident; but that his perſonated diſtruſt may not prejudice the interpretation, he concludes with a plain declaration of his opinion, and tells him that what he delivers is not conjecture, but ſcience, and appeals for the truth of it to the auguſs of the army. *Euſtathius.*

So

So bodes my ſoul, and bids me thus adviſe;
For thus a skilful ſeer would read the ſkies.
To him then *Hector* with diſdain return'd;
(Fierce as he ſpoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
Are theſe the faithful counſels of thy tongue?
Thy will is partial, not thy reaſon wrong:
Or if the purpoſe of thy heart thou vent,
Sure heav'n reſumes the little ſenſe it lent.
What coward counſels would thy madneſs move,
Againſt the word, the will reveal'd of *Jove*?
The leading ſign, th' irrevocable nod,
And happy thunders of the fav'ring God,

v. 267. *The ſpeech of* Hector.] This ſpeech of *Hector's* is full of ſpirit: His valour is greater than the skill of *Polydamas*, and he is not to be argu'd into a retreat. There is ſomething very heroic in that line,

——His ſword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cauſe.

And if any thing can add to the beauty of it, it is in being ſo well adapted to the character of him who ſpeaks it, who is every where deſcrib'd as a great lover of his country.

It may ſeem at the firſt view that *Hector* uſes *Polydamas* with too much ſeverity in the concluſion of his ſpeech: But he will be ſufficiently juſtify'd, if we conſider that the interpretation of the omen given by *Polydamas* might have diſcourag'd the army; and this makes it neceſſary for him to decry the prediction, and inſinuate that the advice proceeded not from his skill but his cowardice. *Euſtathius.*

Theſe

Theſe ſhall I ſlight? and guide my wav'ring mind
By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind?
Ye vagrants of the ſky! your wings extend,
Or where the ſuns ariſe, or where deſcend;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high heav'n obey.
Without a ſign, his ſword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cauſe.
But why ſhould'ſt thou ſuſpect the war's ſucceſs?
None fears it more, as none promotes it leſs.
Tho' all our chiefs amid yon' ſhips expire,
Truſt thy own cowardice to 'ſcape their fire.
Troy and her ſons may find a gen'ral grave,
But thou can'ſt live, for thou can'ſt be a ſlave;
Yet ſhould the fears that wary mind ſuggeſts
Spread their cold poiſon thro' our ſoldier's breaſts,
My jav'lin can revenge ſo baſe a part,
And free the ſoul that quivers in thy heart.

v. 281. *To right, to left, unheeded take your way.*] *Euſtathius* has found out four meanings in theſe two lines, and tells us that the words may ſignify Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South. This is writ in the true ſpirit of a Critick, who can find out a myſtery in the plaineſt words, and is ever learnedly obſcure: For my part, I cannot imagine how any thing can be more clearly expreſs'd; I care not, ſays *Hector*, whether the eagle flew on the right towards the ſun-riſing, which was propitious, or on the left towards his ſetting, which was unlucky.

Furious

Furious he ſpoke, and ruſhing to the wall,
Calls on his hoſt; his hoſt obey the call;
With ardour follow where their leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.
Jove breaths a whirlwind from the hills of *Ide*,
And drifts of duſt the clouded navy hide:
He fills the *Greeks* with terror and diſmay,
And gives great *Hector* the predeſtin'd day.
Strong in themſelves, but ſtronger in his aid,
Cloſe to the works their rigid ſiege they laid.
In vain the mounds and maſſy beams defend,
While theſe they undermine, and thoſe they rend;
Upheave the piles that prop the ſolid wall;
And heaps on heaps the ſmoaky ruins fall.
Greece on her ramparts ſtands the fierce alarms;
The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
Shield touching ſhield, a long-refulgent row;
Whence hiſſing darts, inceſſant, rain below.

v. 299. Jove *rais'd a Whirlwind.*] It is worth our notice to obſerve how the leaſt circumſtance grows in the hand of a great Poet. In this battel it is to be ſuppoſed that the *Trojans* had got the advantage of the wind of the *Grecians*, ſo that a cloud of duſt was blown upon their army: This gave room for this fiction of *Homer*, which ſuppoſes that *Jove*, or the air, rais'd the duſt, and drove it in the face of the *Grecians*. *Euſtathius.*

The

The bold *Ajaces* fly from tow'r to tow'r,
And rouze, with flame divine, the *Grecian* pow'r.
The gen'rous impulſe ev'ry *Greek* obeys;
Threats urge the fearful, and the valiant, praiſe.
Fellows in arms! whoſe deeds are known to Fame,
And you whoſe ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endu'd with force or art,
Behold a day when each may act his part!
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge thoſe who ſtand, and thoſe who faint excite;
Drown *Hector*'s vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;
Conqueſt, not ſafety, fill the thoughts of all;
Seek not your fleet, but ſally from the wall;
So *Jove* once more may drive their routed train,
And *Troy* lie trembling in her walls again.
Their ardour kindles all the *Grecian* pow'rs;
And now the ſtones deſcend in heavier ſhow'rs.
As when high *Jove* his ſharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of ſtorms;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A ſnowy inundation hides the plain;
He ſtills the winds, and bids the skies to ſleep;
Then pours the ſilent tempeſt, thick, and deep:

And

And firſt the mountain tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the ſandy ſhore;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are ſeen,
And one bright waſte hides all the works of men:
The circling ſeas alone abſorbing all,
Drink the diſſolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each ſide increas'd the ſtony rain,
And the white ruin riſes o'er the plain.
Thus God-like *Hector* and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
Nor *Troy* could conquer, nor the *Greeks* would yield,
Till great *Sarpedon* tow'r'd amid the field;
For mighty *Jove* inſpir'd with martial flame
His matchleſs ſon, and urg'd him on to fame.
In arms he ſhines, conſpicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample ſhield in air;
Within whoſe orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Pond'rous with braſs, and bound with ductile gold:

v. 348. *Till great* Sarpedon, *&c.*] The Poet here uſhers in *Sarpedon* with abundance of pomp: He forces him upon the obſervation of the reader by the greatneſs of the deſcription, and raiſes our expectations of him, intending to make him perform many remarkable actions in the ſequel of the poem, and become worthy to fall by the hand of *Patroclus*. *Euſtathius*.

And while two pointed jav'lins arm his hands,
Majeſtick moves along, and leads his *Lycian* bands.
So preſs'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Deſcends a lion on the flocks below;
So ſtalks the lordly ſavage o'er the plain,
In ſullen majeſty, and ſtern diſdain:
In vain loud maſtives bay him from afar,
And ſhepherds gaul him with an iron war;
Regardleſs, furious, he purſues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.
Reſolv'd alike, divine *Sarpedon* glows
With gen'rous rage that drives him on the foes
He views the tow'rs, and meditates their fall,
To ſure deſtruction dooms th' aſpiring wall;
Then caſting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirſt of glory, thus he ſpoke.
Why boaſt we, *Glaucus!* our extended reign,
Where *Xanthus'* ſtreams enrich the *Lycian* plain,

Our

v. 357. *So preſs'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow, Deſcends a lion.*] This comparison very much reſembles that of the prophet *Iſaiah*, ch. 31. v. 4. where God himſelf is compared to a lion: *Like as the lion, and the young lion roaring on his prey, when a multitude of ſhepherds is call'd forth againſt him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abaſe himſelf for the noiſe of them: So ſhall the Lord of hoſts come down, that he may fight upon mount* Sion. *Dacier.*

v. 371. *The ſpeech of* Sarpedon *to* Glaucus.] In former times

King's

Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harveſt yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feaſts enhanc'd with muſic's ſprightly ſound?
Why on thoſe ſhores are we with joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd,
Unleſs great acts ſuperior merit prove,
And vindicate the bount'ous pow'rs above.
'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
The firſt in valour, as the firſt in place.
That when with wond'ring eyes our martial band
Behold our deeds tranſcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deſerve the ſov'reign ſtate,
Whom thoſe that envy, dare not imitate!

Kings were look'd upon as the generals of armies, who to return the honours that were done them, were oblig'd to expoſe themſelves firſt in the battel, and be an example to their ſoldiers. Upon this *Sarpedon* grounds his diſcourſe, which is full of generoſity and nobleneſs. We are, ſays he, honour'd like Gods; and what can be more unjuſt, than not to behave our ſelves like men? he ought to be ſuperior in virtue, who is ſuperior in dignity; What ſtrength is there, and what greatneſs in that thought? it includes juſtice, gratitude, and magnanimity; juſtice, in that he ſcorns to enjoy what he does not merit; gratitude, becauſe he would endeavour to recompenſe his obligations to his ſubjects; and magnanimity, in that he deſpiſes death, and thinks of nothing but glory. *Euſtathius, Dacier.*

Could

Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no leſs the fearful than the brave,
For luſt of fame I ſhould not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy ſoul to war.
But ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!
He ſaid; his words the liſt'ning chief inſpire
With equal warmth, and rouze the warrior's fire;
The Troops purſue their leaders with delight,
Ruſh to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.

v. 387. *Could all our care*, &c.] There is not a more forcible argument than this, to make men contemn dangers, and ſeek glory by brave actions. Immortality with eternal youth, is certainly preferable to glory purchas'd with the loſs of life; but glory is certainly better than an ignominious life; which at laſt, tho' perhaps late, muſt end. It is ordain'd that all men ſhall die, nor can our eſcaping danger ſecure us immortality; it can only give us a longer continuance in diſgrace, and even that continuance will be but ſhort, tho' the infamy everlaſting. This is inconteſtable, and whoever weighs his actions in theſe ſcales, can never heſitate in his choice: but what is moſt worthy of remark, is, that *Homer* does not put this in the mouth of an ordinary perſon, but aſcribes it to the ſon of *Jupiter*. *Euſtathius, Dacier.*

I ought not to neglect putting the reader in mind, that this ſpeech of *Sarpedon* is excellently tranſlated by Sir *John Denham*, and if I have done it with any ſpirit, it is partly owing to him.

Meneſtheus

Meneſtheus from on high the ſtorm beheld,
Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field;
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
And ſaw where *Teucer* with th' *Ajaces* ſtood,
Of fight inſatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and ſhields
Rings to the skies, and echoes thro' the fields,
The brazen hinges fly, the walls reſound,
Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the [ground.
Then thus to *Thoös*:—Hence with ſpeed, (he ſaid)
And urge the bold *Ajaces* to our aid;
Their ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the *Lycian* Princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely, there, the foes contend,
Let *Telamon*, at leaſt, our tow'rs defend,
And *Teucer* haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Swift as the word, the Herald ſpeeds along
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng;
And finds the heroes bath'd in ſweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the duſty ſhore.

Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid (ſaid *Thoas*) *Peteus'* ſon demands,
Your ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the *Lycian* Princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely here, the foes contend,
At leaſt, let *Telamon* thoſe tow'rs defend,
And *Teucer* haſte, with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Strait to the fort great *Ajax* turn'd his care,
And thus beſpoke his brothers of the war.
Now valiant *Lycomede!* exert your might,
And brave *Oileus,* prove your force in fight:
To you I truſt the fortune of the field,
Till by this arm the foe ſhall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to compleat the day——
Then, with his ſev'nfold ſhield, he ſtrode away.
With equal ſteps bold *Teucer* preſs'd the ſhore,
Whoſe fatal bow the ſtrong *Pandion* bore.

High

v. 444. *Whoſe fatal bow the ſtrong* Pandion *bore.*] It is remarkable that *Teucer,* who is excellent for his skill in archery, does not carry his own bow, but has it born after him by *Pandion:* I thought it not improper to take notice of this, by reaſon of its unuſualneſs. It may be ſuppos'd that *Teucer* had chang'd his arms in this

High on the walls appear'd the *Lycian* pow'rs,
Like ſome black tempeſt gath'ring round the tow'rs;
The *Greeks*, oppreſs'd, their utmoſt force unite;
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd ſhouts and groans ariſe;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the skies
Fierce *Ajax* firſt th' advancing hoſt invades;
And ſends the brave *Epicles* to the ſhades;
Sarpedon's friend; a-croſs the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the ſtrongeſt ſwain
Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.

this fight, and comply'd with the exigence of the battel, which was about the wall: he might judge that ſome other weapon might be more neceſſary upon this occaſion, and therefore committed his bow to the care of *Pandion*. *Euſtathius*.

v. 454. *A rocky fragment*, &c.] In this book both *Ajax* and *Hector* are deſcrib'd throwing ſtones of a prodigious ſize. But the Poet, who loves to give the preference to his countreymen, relates the action much to the advantage of *Ajax*: *Ajax*, by his natural ſtrength, performs what *Hector* could not do without the aſſiſtance of *Jupiter*. *Euſtathius*.

v. 455. *In modern ages.*] The difference which our author makes between the heroes of his poem, and the men of his age, is ſo great, that ſome have made uſe of it as an argument that *Homer* liv'd many ages after the war of *Troy*: but this argument does not ſeem to be of any weight; for ſuppoſing *Homer* to have writ two hundred and fifty, or two hundred and ſixty years after the deſtruction of *Troy*, this ſpace is long enough to make ſuch a change as he ſpeaks of; Peace, Luxury, or Effeminacy would do it in a much leſs time. *Dacier*.

He poiz'd, and ſwung it round; then toſs'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the ſky;
Full on the *Lycian*'s helmet thund'ring down,
The pond'rous ruin cruſh'd his batter'd crown.
As skilful divers from ſome airy ſteep,
Headlong deſcend, and ſhoot into the deep,
So falls *Epicles*; then in groans expires,
And murm'ring to the ſhades the ſoul retires.
While to the ramparts daring *Glaucus* drew,
From *Teucer*'s hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded ſhaft the deſtin'd paſſage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd ſome foe's inſulting boaſt
Might ſtop the progreſs of his warlike hoſt,
Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfiniſh'd fight.
Divine *Sarpedon*, with regret, beheld
Diſabled *Glaucus* ſlowly quit the field;
His beating breaſt with gen'rous ardour glows,
He ſprings to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmaon firſt was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breaſt he plung'd the pointed ſteel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The ſpear, purſu'd by guſhing ſtreams of gore;

Down

Down ſinks the warrior with a thundr'ing ſound,
His brazen armour rings againſt the ground.
Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and ev'ry nerve applies;
It ſhakes; the pond'rous ſtones disjointed yield;
The rowling ruins ſmoak along the field.
A mighty breach appears; the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, ruſhes in the war.
At once bold *Teucer* draws the twanging bow,
And *Ajax* ſends his jav'lin at the foe;
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon ſtood,
And thro' his buckler drove the trembling wood;
But *Jove* was preſent in the dire debate,
To ſhield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The Prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and ſeverer fight;
Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
His fainting ſquadrons to new fury warms.

v. 483. *Swift to the battlement the victor flies.*] From what *Sarpedon* here performs, we may gather that this wall of the *Greeks* was not higher than a tall man: from the great depth and breadth of it, as it is deſcribed juſt before, one might have concluded that it had been much higher: but it appears to be otherwiſe from this paſſage; and conſequently the thickneſs of the wall was anſwerable to the wideneſs of the ditch. *Euſtathius.*

O where, ye *Lycians!* is the ſtrength you boaſt?
Your former fame, and ancient virtue loſt!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded paſs to gain:
Unite, and ſoon that hoſtile fleet ſhall fall;
The force of pow'rful union conquers all.
This juſt rebuke inflam'd the *Lycian* crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' aſſault renew;
Unmov'd th' embody'd *Greeks* their fury dare,
And fix'd ſupport the weight of all the war;
Nor could the *Greeks* repel the *Lycian* pow'rs,
Nor the bold *Lycians* force the *Grecian* tow'rs.
As on the confines of adjoining grounds,
Two ſtubborn ſwains with blows diſpute their bounds;
They tugg, they ſweat; but neither gain, nor yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
Thus obſtinate to death, they fight, they fall;
Nor theſe can keep, nor thoſe can win the wall.

v. 511. *As on the confines of adjoining grounds.*] This ſimile, ſays *Euſtathius*, is wonderfully proper; it has one circumſtance that is ſeldom to be found in *Homer*'s alluſions; it correſponds in every point with the ſubject it was intended to illuſtrate: the meaſures of the two neighbours repreſent the ſpears of the combatants: the confines of the fields, ſhew that they engag'd hand to hand; and the wall which divides the armies, gives us a lively idea of the large ſtones that were fix'd to determine the bounds of adjoining fields.

Their

Their manly breaſts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud ſtrokes are heard, and rattling arms reſound,
The copious ſlaughter covers all the ſhore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.
As when two ſcales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
From ſide to ſide the trembling balance nods,
(While ſome laborious matron, juſt and poor,
With nice exactneſs weighs her woolly ſtore)
Till pois'd aloft, the reſting beam ſuſpends
Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, deſcends:
So ſtood the war, till *Hector's* matchleſs might
With fates prevailing, turn'd the ſcale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his hoſt with loud repeated cries.

v. 521. *As when two ſcales*, &c.] This compariſon is excellent on account of its juſtneſs; for there is nothing better repreſents an exact equality than a balance: but *Homer* was particularly exact, in having neither deſcrib'd a woman of wealth and condition, for ſuch a one is never very exact, not valuing a ſmall inequality; nor a ſlave, for ſuch a one is ever regardleſs of a maſter's intereſt: but he ſpeaks of a poor woman that gains her livelihood by her labour, who is at the ſame time juſt and honeſt; for ſhe will neither defraud others, nor be defrauded herſelf. She therefore takes care that the ſcales be exactly of the ſame weight.

It was an ancient tradition, (and is countenanced by the author of *Homer's* life aſcribed to *Herodotus*) that the Poet drew this compariſon from his own family; being himſelf the ſon of a woman who maintain'd herſelf by her own induſtry: he therefore, to extol her honeſty, (a qualification very rare in poverty) gives her a place in his poem. *Euſtathius.*

Advance,

Advance, ye *Trojans!* lend your valiant hands,
Haſte to the fleet, and toſs the blazing brands!
They hear, they run, and gath'ring at his call,
Raiſe ſcaling engines, and aſcend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glitt'ring ſpears
Shoots up, and all the riſing hoſt appears.
A pond'rous ſtone bold *Hector* heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
Not two ſtrong men th' enormous weight could raiſe,
Such men as live in theſe degen'rate days.
Yet this, as eaſy as a ſwain could bear
The ſnowy fleece, he toſs'd, and ſhook in air:
For *Jove* upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unweildy rock, the labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of maſſy ſubſtance and ſtupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges ſtrong,
On lofty beams of ſolid timber hung.
Then thund'ring thro' the planks, with forceful ſway,
Drives the ſharp rock; the ſolid beams give way,
The folds are ſhatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the reſounding bars, the flying hinges roar.

Now ruſhing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and ſhakes two ſhining ſpears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flaſh'd the living flame.
He moves a God, reſiſtleſs in his courſe,
And ſeems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after thro' the gaping ſpace,
A tyde of *Trojans* flows, and fills the place;
The *Greeks* behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The ſhore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the sky.



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